

A
SCOTCH-
IRISH-
CANADIAN-
YANKEE

JAMES S.
GRAHAM

A SCOTCH-IRISH-
CANADIAN-YANKEE

JAMES S. GRAHAM

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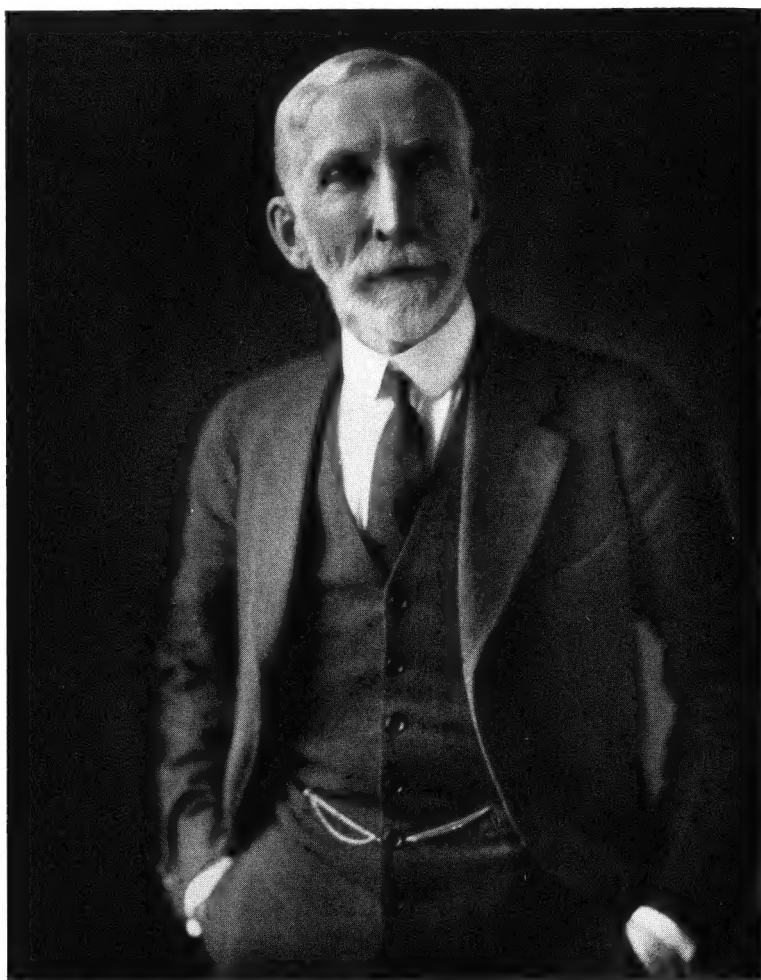


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A SCOTCH-IRISH CANADIAN YANKEE

James S. Graham



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A SCOTCH - IRISH CANADIAN YANKEE

James S. Graham

WITH THIRTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK

1939

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A rectangular stamp with a decorative, hand-drawn border. The text inside is in a bold, sans-serif font, arranged in two lines.

LIBRARY
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reads

TO MY WIFE

Jennie Sanborn Graham

who encouraged and made possible
the writing of this book.

2256763

Foreword

SINCE a boy, I have kept a diary recording events that seemed worthwhile. As I went over these, I caught the idea of putting in book form for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren and any interested friends, the story of the founding of our family, the Graham Clan, in Scotland, the history making journey of my immediate ancestors in a sailing vessel from the north of Ireland to Canada and the story of my life gathered from many sources but especially from my half hundred diaries.

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James S. Graham



CHAPTER I

Thirteen Weeks on a Sailing Vessel

BISHOP Warburton said:

"High birth is a thing which I never knew anyone disparage except those who had it not and I never knew anyone make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of."

So perhaps you will pardon me if in these reminiscences I seem to boast a wee bit about my family.

Sir Walter Scott said, "Few families can boast of more historical renown than that of Graham." The connection between the Graham Clan in Scotland and my more immediate ancestors in the north of Ireland is interesting.

Sir Robert Douglas repeats the old story that the Grahams are descended from a famous warrior who breached the Roman Wall in 420 and won for it the name of Graham Dyke. Regarding the legend, it is interesting to know that when the old Church of Falkirk was taken down in 1810 a marble slab was found with an inscription in Latin, showing that Graham was buried in that ground through which the old Roman Wall ran.

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Sir William in 1143 obtained much land and seemed to have established the name permanently. His grandson, David, obtained from William the Lion-Hearted in 1214 more land near Montrose. His son, David, and his grandson, David, acquired more land and much power.

Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, was one of the guarantors of the treaty with Henry III in 1244. His son, David, had three sons, Sir Patrick, Sir John, and Sir David. All died in battle. My father, John Graham, used to refer humorously to Sir John as the Sir for whom he was named. He was the right-hand man of Wallace and died in battle in his arms. The Clan was known for its fighting spirit but was also known as a peace-maker. Sir Patrick settled the bloody feud of long standing between the Drummonds and Menteiths.

In 1661, eighteen landed gentlemen of the Graham Clan officiated at the funeral of the great Marquise of Edinburgh.

"Little Andy Graham," my grandfather, was a Methodist local preacher. My grandmother, Catherine Robinson, had two brothers, Methodist ministers. The older, James, was ordained near Belfast, Ireland, by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. My father and his only brother, William Henry, were Methodist ministers. My youngest brother is a Methodist minister. My father

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left the ministry when I was a boy to become a farmer but was always called upon to preach locally. My uncle, William Henry, later became General Superintendent of the Ottawa Conference in Canada.

When I left Manitoba for Northwestern University, the official board of our Methodist Church was obsessed with the idea that I must become a Methodist minister so they issued a license to preach and sent it to me at Evanston, Illinois. As that license has never been revoked, I am wondering if I am still a local preacher. Three generations devoted their lives to the ministry.

My grandfather and grandmother Graham came to upper Canada, now called Ontario, from the County of Armagh, Ireland, in 1826, in a sailing vessel, being thirteen weeks on the ocean and in quarantine. My father was two years old.

They cleared a small space and built a log cabin plastered with mud. The roof was covered with large basswood slabs in two layers. The under layer was placed with the open side up and the upper layer with the open side down. No nails were used or needed. This antedated the modern tile roof.

Although no axman, he set about clearing fifty acres of this valuable timberland for farming purposes. After the timber was destroyed, he found the soil had little value. Had he been more experienced, he might have

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chosen fifty acres of hardwood land which would have been easily cleared and would have produced a rich, fertile soil for, in a few years after clearing, this land would have been free of stumps, because the hardwood stump decays rapidly while the pine stump, full of turpentine, decays very slowly and must be pulled with a stump machine at great expense. This land would not have had the boulders and stones which were always found in the pine territory. Then, too, had this pine timber been left standing, it might have brought fabulous wealth to the Graham family while the hardwood land when cleared would have given them rich acres, easily tilled.

Often I wonder what would have been the outcome had my grandfather chosen better. Perhaps his choice was for the best for the unceasing toil and everlasting poverty produced a progeny of sturdy men who did not know discouragement. In this country where grandfather settled, "poverty, hardship, and happiness went hand in hand." Had he chosen other than he did, we might have been content to stay where we were, and thus the road to adventure would never have been opened. It was a stump-laden farm, strewn with boulders and stones embedded in poor soil, where my father and uncle William Henry passed their early boyhood.

Their home was four and a half miles from the only

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grist mill in that region. The road was only a path winding through the woods over hills and through marshes to the little village of Hastings through which ran the Trent River which furnished the water power for the mill.

Grandfather and grandmother would start for the village each carrying a bushel of wheat. When nearing the village, my grandfather would put all of the wheat in one sack and carry it himself. As he was younger and smaller than his wife, he was sensitive about being recognised as the head of the family, able to carry its burdens. Without waiting for their grain to be ground into flour and bran, they would take a like amount from some other grist and return home immediately. The miller received his compensation or toll in a share of the grist. No cash was paid, no Sales Tax.

In later years as the boys grew up, rough roads were made. Father would go to the mill with the oxen hitched to a jumper, a sort of sled, always taking along an ax and an auger. When a shoe or runner would wear off the jumper, he would cut down a sapling and put on another. During the summertime when there was no snow, this might be necessary several times on a trip.

The human family has ever struggled with the problem of transportation. How shall we get from one point to another most easily? How shall we transport what

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we need cheaply? Moses had the transit problem when moving the children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land. Several organizations in the City of New York now are studying the same question, planning for rapid transit, both passenger and freight. The City, State, and Nation are all concerned with this question.

In Ontario, we had the same problem. Our main roads, surveyed and laid out east and west by the Provincial government, were called concession lines and were seven-eighths of a mile apart. The north and south roads were, as development came, laid out to suit the conditions and were not always well done. The local people had to build their own roads. They did not have condemnation proceedings nor tax levies.

Near our home on the concession line there were eighty rods of bog, just plain bog. My father organized a group to plan and build a corduroy road. It was built entirely of cedar logs about sixteen feet long, laid crosswise of the road. Lengthwise, underneath this, were laid in the mud three lines of logs, one in the middle and one near each end. Cedar was used because it was almost everlasting. Even the logs placed in the mud underneath seemed never to give way. No other wood had this quality.

The men interested in this piece of road gathered and

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built it. There were no engineers on the job, no plans to follow. After the logs were laid, cedar limbs were laid over them and all was covered with earth. I doubt if that road took as much repair as the modern asphalt or cement road and no assessment was levied for its construction or maintenance. We hear often today that the machine age has brought us many comforts but we know that it has also brought us many burdens in our private and public budgets.

On my mother's side, my grandfather, James Stevenson, was born in County Down, Ireland, very close to the line of Armagh County, in 1800. He was over six feet in height, straight as a rod and, as the records read, "a very upright and conscientious man but rather easy going." My grandmother, who before her marriage was Ann Bell, was "a woman of fine lineage, exceptional ability and superior character." Her character and pep so supplemented his that an ideal combination resulted. They were married in 1817, in Ireland, and came to Canada in a sailing vessel in 1841 making the trip in about six weeks. When they reached the Canadian port, all the children were suffering from fever. However, to get by the inspectors, each child was given a parcel to carry proving to the inspectors that he was physically fit.

The Stevensons settled two miles north of the Grahams

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in Percy Township. Each family had two boys and five girls growing to maturity.

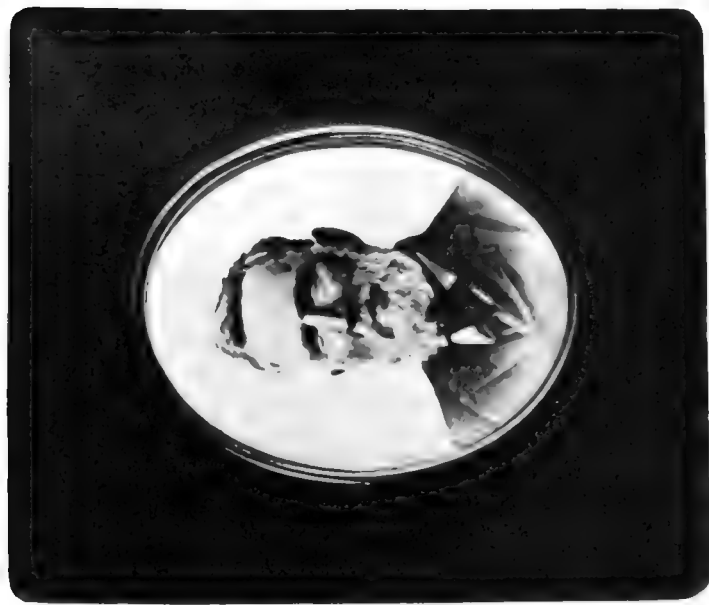
They were soon doubly united in marriage for John, my father, wedded Margaret in 1846, while his brother, William Henry, married Ellen in 1849. I, the sixth of eight children, was born in Horton, Ontario, in the pine woods country near Ottawa which was my father's circuit. The circuit was made up of several log school houses as there were no churches at that time.

Our preparations to break up this home and move to Leeds County, Ontario, provide my memory with its first vivid pictures. I was about five years of age. We were moving to a farm and my father was to have charge of another circuit. This was after the close of the Civil War. Canada felt the aftermath of the war almost as much as the United States. She had lost many of her young men, crime had increased and horse thieves were abroad in the land.

When six years of age, I remember accompanying my brother, who was eight years older than I, to the barn which was a quarter of a mile from the house to sleep in the granary to protect the wheat from thieves. My father was away preaching and my mother was home praying for us. One night, we were nearly put to the test. The granary where we slept and where the grain was kept was on the second floor of the barn. We heard



Margaret Graham



John Graham

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what we thought were people approach the building, walk around the barn and come to the door of the granary. We shivered and waited until we could stand it no longer. My brother got up, peeped through a crack to find one of our old cows contentedly chewing her cud.

How often our troubles are harmless bovines instead of bands of robbers.

Once my father had taken to farming, our thoughts turned to the farm which he owned in Percy Township, Northumberland County, where my grandparents lived. As soon as it could be conveniently done, we moved back to the old homestead. My brother Andrew, fifteen, and I, seven years of age, drove old Nell, a faithful mare, to Kingston, a distance of forty miles, taking with us four head of cattle. Other members of the family went by train.

At Kingston, when we were taking the boat for Belleville, an incident occurred which showed my father's great strength. When we were entering the boat, one of the cows, frightened by the whistle, made a dash for freedom. My father met her on the road, grabbed her by the horns, placed his right leg in front of her left front leg and threw her. Old Cherry (that was her name) got to her feet and meekly walked back to the boat. My father thought nothing of this but I have never known another man, east or west, who could have done

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the same thing. The fact is, I have never known another man who could hew as many railroad ties, cut as many cords of wood, cradle as many acres of wheat, cut as many acres of grass as he could in one day.

There was born to old Nell a beautiful "French Canadian" colt. We called her Jesse. She had long mane and tail and was our pride and joy, serving our family for twenty-seven years, but for nearly twenty-seven years she never forgot one of my boyish pranks. I found that by placing a thistle under her tail she would run and kick about the field until the thistle was, somehow, lost. Ever after that when the reins would catch beneath Jesse's tail she would become dangerous until the reins were freed.

The old homestead to which we returned was covered with pine stumps left after the land had been cleared of timber.

However, we soon bought fifty acres of better land which we also cleared of timber. It was always known as the "Upper Place." Real estate seemed to appeal to the family for we again added two more small farms to our holdings. It is interesting to note that the purchase money mortgage made when buying this land drew ten per cent interest.

My grandfather expressed what was perhaps the prevalent thought at that time, "The ingenuity of man has

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about reached its limit." He had seen the coming of matches when a light could be secured with little effort. Up to that time, everyone carried a piece of flint which, when hit by the closed blade of a jack-knife, would produce a live spark which died at its birth unless one had a piece of punk to light. Punk was found in the woods. I have ridden miles to a neighbor's to get a coal of fire.

The economics of our home, which was typical of that country at that time, is interesting to me now as I look back.

Our family consisted of seven sturdy children, my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother Graham, and sometimes grandmother Stevenson, making an even dozen.

It was our joy to have grandmother Stevenson with us. She was a Tory and always defended her party. We were Grits. She knew her Bible from cover to cover and drove home her arguments with scriptural texts. I often took her in a low slung buggy to visit her grandchildren. She smoked a clay pipe which she allowed me to fill and light for her. Sometimes I would, unbeknown to her, smoke it out and fill it again. One day when she was about ninety, she said to me, "James, I think I will stop smoking." I said, "You have smoked half a century, why quit now?" She said, quite solemnly, "I think it is injuring my health, and above

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all, I think you are learning to smoke." I there and then resolved never to touch tobacco in any form and I never have.

Although short of cash, we had an abundance of good food all grown on the farm. The provision for our clothing was almost as simple. We built a loom room adjoining the house where an old-fashioned loom was established. With that loom went swifts which held the yarn to be wound on bobbins, a spinning wheel, a bobbin winder and other paraphernalia.

We raised our sheep and sheared them. My grandmother, who had a pair of cards, worked some of the wool into rolls but most of it was sent to the carding mill near-by and came home ready for the spinners.

My four sisters turned it into yarn which was then made into socks and cloth. The ordinary flannel was made of cotton warp and woolen filling. We bought the cotton which had to be wound on spools and rolled on the beam of the loom. A certain number of threads were placed through a reed that was fastened to a bar on the other side. You may be sure the reed was not the one mentioned in the New Testament, as shaken by the wind, but a solid one which was batted against the growing cloth every time a thread was added.

The adding of a thread meant that my mother, with her feet on the treads, reversed the warp and tossed be-

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tween the lines of warp a shuttle containing a bobbin of woolen thread, and pulled toward her a swinging pair of bars which held the reed, thus pushing the thread into the proper place. The force put into the pulling affected the thickness of the cloth. This process was repeated as each thread was added. One can hardly realize the infinite toil of turning wool into yarn and yarn into cloth. I have a vivid picture in my memory of my mother as she sat weaving at the loom.

We formed the "Mutual Grammatical Correction Society" and membership was restricted to the family. When a member of the family made an error, he would be corrected by one or perhaps all of the family. One function of the Society was reading aloud, at which we took turns. I prize highly that early home training.

After we moved from Lindhurst to Percy Township, the problem of a school came to us as especially important, particularly for myself and young brother, John. The only available school was about half a mile away, a log building plastered with mud, one story high and about sixteen by twenty feet with a door in front, no window at either end but lighted by a two-sash window in either side. The seats and desks were made of rough pine boards. In front of the school house, not far from the door, was an old pine stump three feet across the top. We had to go around it to enter or leave the

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school. It was a general meeting place where we carved our names. One day, one of the boys with his jack-knife carved a likeness of the teacher on the top of the old pine stump. The old gentleman, infuriated, picked up his rod and started for the perpetrator. I will leave the rest to your imagination.

After a few years, my father helped out the school situation by giving a school site on the "Upper Place," where a brick school house was built. This location was midway between the Protestant neighborhood to the east, and the Catholic neighborhood to the west. The Catholic neighborhood was made up of what we called the "Dutch Line," perhaps called that because every family living on it was Irish Catholic.

In that part of Ontario the feeling between the Protestants and Catholics ran high. When the Protestant boys had a goodly number at school, we would, at noontime, get out in the yard and sing, "Up with the Orange, Down with the Green, to Hell with the Pope and God save the Queen." Then there generally was a fight but never very serious for some of my best friends were among those Catholics.

My uncle, James Stevenson, was the Grand Master of the Orange Lodge of the County, an anti-Catholic organization. Every year, the Orangemen would parade on the twelfth of July, the anniversary of the Battle of

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the Boyne, which was fought in 1671, resulting in an overwhelming victory for the troops of William, Prince of Orange, consisting mostly of the citizens of Armagh. In this battle, the troops, under the Catholic King James of England, were completely routed and King James was driven from the country forever. This marked the beginning of the Protestant dynasty in the north of Ireland.

The Catholics, on the other hand, would march on the anniversary of St. Patrick, the seventeenth of March. One particular twelfth of July, during a very hot summer when the forest fires had been raging through that part of the country, my uncle went to Warkworth for the celebration which was mostly marching on foot. He led the parade all day and came home at night to find that scores of his Catholic friends had rallied shortly after he left in the morning to fight some fierce fires that were threatening his whole property. They did succeed in saving it and preventing ruin for him. He was so impressed with this neighborly act that he never was a good Orangeman after that.

I was named for him and, as an evidence of his appreciation of this, he gave me an ewe lamb and \$2.20 in cash. With a twinkle in his eye (which he always had), he remarked that the value of the coin of the realm was equal to the live stock.

CHAPTER II

Boyhood Days in Ontario

ANDREW, my brother, whom I consider a great character, began to study the question of emigration to the Northwest. The lure of the West became so strong that on Saturday, April 13, 1878, he started for Manitoba. It was a momentous day for the family. My father went to the bank and borrowed seven hundred dollars. He brought it home in crisp new bills. It seemed an immense sum to give a boy of twenty-three with which to explore. That was the first breaking of home ties.

The Canadian government was very liberal with its land as it wanted it developed. My brother took his full quota, homesteading one hundred and sixty acres and pre-empting one hundred and sixty acres more. He also took similar amounts for several relatives and friends. This land was not far from Winnipeg, in southwest Manitoba, the richest farming country of the Great Northwest.

His leaving for the West opened a new responsibility and world to me. The spirit of the pioneer that had prompted him to homestead proved infectious. He was

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ONTARIO

generous about writing, and his letters told of the land of opportunity that awaited the pioneer.

There were no forests to clear, no stumps to pull, no stones to pick. He told of the high grade of settlers and the rapid development. The spirit of the West was injected into our blood and that of our neighbors for the letters were passed around and soon the whole countryside was talking about homesteading. Just as the "gold rush of '49" became a popular fad, so did "homesteading in Manitoba."

Andrew returned in the fall augmenting his letters by telling of the wonders of Manitoba. He and father then began active preparations for the journey. Our farm, stock and other holdings must be sold. To raise funds, they bought a piece of timber in the adjoining county to cut and market in the winter. When ready to cut the timber, they found they could hire teams, teamsters, and axmen, but failed to find a cook so I was drafted to cook for twenty men. My cousin, one of the axmen, James Stevenson, who was six feet four and square shouldered, was my guide, sometimes my critic, and always my helper.

Cooking for the men consisted mostly of boiling and baking potatoes, baking beans, and making dried apple-sauce. The beans were prepared by boiling them in a large pot thirty minutes or so after which they were

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poured into a ten quart pan. There was no "spilling the beans" in this case. On the bottom of the pan was placed a large strip of fat pork, another strip was placed in the middle and a third on the top, adding to this a little maple sugar. The beans were then allowed to bake all night. The result was a dish fit for a king. Salt pork was the principal meat, with occasionally a lamb or a small beef which we bought from neighboring farmers. The shanties in which we lived, and in which the horses were kept, were all built by the men with logs cut in the woods. The timber which we cut was chiefly cedar fence posts which we hauled to Belmont Lake near-by and sold to a lumber firm by the name of Cavanaugh which dealt principally in fence posts. There was a struggle all winter with the markers who decided for the Cavanaugh Company the grade of each post. For the perfect ones, we were allowed full price. Then there were the second and third grades and culls. The larger trees, chiefly pine and white wood, were cut into logs and hauled to a saw mill where it was then cut into lumber and sold. When you know that we sold pure, full inch lumber at \$7.00 per thousand feet, you will realize on what a close margin we worked.

One rule made by my father was that there should be no profane language used in the camp. This meant loss of "personal liberty" to some of the men and I sym-

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ONTARIO

pathized with them when they heroically restrained themselves.

The winter in the lumber camp was a real developer mentally and physically and gave me an insight into the life of the lumberjack that made me appreciate the sterling qualities of men of that type.

Although we had not sold our farm during the winter, it was decided that my father, my sister, Mrs. Will Wilton and her husband, sister Eliza and her husband, and my sister Anne should return to Manitoba with Andrew and his beautiful young bride. This left the farm to be managed by my mother, my younger brother and myself. It was a great experience.

While at the logging camp, I had heard that Jack McCann, who lived some few miles from the camp, had a pair of steers that he wanted to trade for a yoke of oxen. Since our oxen were too old for hard work, I figured that the trade would be a good one so I yoked the oxen and set out in the sled to see the prospective trader. Starting at five o'clock in the morning, I arrived, some thirty miles distant, that afternoon. There I stayed until the next day. Much of the time was spent in dickering, but finally we came to a satisfactory agreement, and I returned home with the two steers which became the strongest and fastest oxen I ever knew. The trade was

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an excellent one, for Buck and Bill, as they were called, served us well in Ontario and then shared our eventful life in Manitoba.

Driving oxen and driving horses bears little similarity. While a horse is guided by a bit and rein, an ox team must be trained to the touch of the whip and the call of the driver. My oxen grew to understand my call.

My father built a house and stable on his homestead in Manitoba, broke some prairie and planted such crops as he could on the freshly upturned sod and returned to Ontario in the fall. Soon after his return, we learned of a destructive prairie fire in all of southern Manitoba.

The Graham Clan had stacked large quantities of hay for the coming winter. The stacks were protected in a general way by ploughing around them, but the fire was so intense that nearly everything was swept away except the buildings. My brother and his wife watched the fire creep along the foot of Pembina Mountains, about twenty miles away. Suddenly the wind changed and the fire started east in their direction with an ever increasing speed and several miles front. In the meantime, Andrew and his wife had been putting additional protection around the buildings and wheat stacks by ploughing. As the fire advanced, they started for Tobacco Creek, about a mile distant, with the oxen. His wife

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ONTARIO

was overcome with smoke. He placed her on the beam of the plough, holding her with one hand, lashing the oxen with the other, until they plunged into the creek in time to save them from oncoming flames.

Undaunted by this disheartening news, we continued making preparations for our exodus. We succeeded in selling our farm. Most of our stock, grain, and household goods were disposed of by private sale, but some at auction. It was the custom of the farmer, after he had done the best he could by private sale, to have an auction. We did this very thing, posting the countryside with bills and invitations to come. The people made a real holiday of it.

One of the few regrets that my mother had in pulling up stakes was the fact that she must part with her bee colony, which had become dear to her as well as profitable.

In those days there were no patent hives, nor scientific ways by which the honey could be extracted. The hive was a box with four sides, made of plain pine boards with a cover extending over the sides to keep out the rain. The open side rested on a table. There were two small bars running two ways through the box on which the bees ingeniously constructed the honeycomb and afterwards filled with honey. Small holes were made in the front

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of the hive and just below these at the bottom were a couple of three-cornered openings, through which the bees could run back and forth. This simple affair was the hive.

The colonies of bees in the hives were placed in a dark cellar for the winter, and each one was watched with great care. Should a weak one be discovered, it was fed brown sugar. Toward spring all were placed out in the sun under the trees again. When the late Canadian spring came, the colonies of bees began to think of taking up homes of their own. My mother knew well their plans and their way of doing things and often in the late evening would listen at the different hives for a busy, excited hum which meant that on the following day a young colony that had been developed in this hive, led by a queen of its own, would seek a new home. Then we would watch about noon the next day for action in this particular hive.

The bees would gather on the front of the hive and, as several hives might act at the same time, our problem was not a simple one. When their armies were well in hand, they would steer for some place that had been selected by their queen and the swarm would fly in mass formation. If they headed for the swamp, we boys would follow them and mark the tree that they entered.

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ONTARIO

The next winter, after the hollow tree was filled with honey, we would cut it down and take the honey. Generally, however, instead of steering for the swamp, they would choose the top of an apple tree in the orchard near-by and swarm in a solid bunch of bees larger than your hat. We always had a new hive on hand. One would stand on a strong wooden table and hold the hive upside down directly under the bees. Another helper would climb the tree, saw the limb off, and drop the swarm in the upturned hive. The hive was then carefully placed right-side up on the table. This was the "swarming process."

My mother knew the process to perfection. The bees would not sting her and she could do almost anything with them. My father had no such ability. One day he was at home at noon and insisted on helping us. He mounted the table and held the new hive in the proper place under the bees, while my brother proceeded to saw off the limb and drop it where it was intended to fall. In the meantime, my father grew careless and let the hive sway to one side. When the bees dropped, his curly head and not the hive received the swarm. A moving picture of what happened would put in convulsions the most critical audience. He hurled the hive from him and started for the well, rubbing his head with both hands and shouting for someone to get to work

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on the pump while he got his head under the spout. Some of us suggested that we brush the bees off his head. He said, "I do not want the bees off, I want my head off." Had he stayed perfectly quiet, as my mother would have done, no harm would have come to him but all this time he was rubbing his head. Every time he touched a bee it stung him. A good application of cold water got rid of the bees but his part in bee culture from that time on was not vigorous or enthusiastic. My mother sold in bulk her swarms of bees which helped very much in furnishing funds for our westward journey.

Bryant in his famous poem on "The Prairie" declares that the honey bee is not a native of America, but came across the deep with the early settlers. He used these words when soliloquizing about the dream which came to him on the prairie:

THE BEE

"A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts."

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ONTARIO

My mother's ability with bees was evidently transmitted to my brother Andrew. The University of Manitoba years later called attention to the fact that he was the first man who had made a real success of bee culture in the Province.

CHAPTER III

First Great Adventure—Moving Bag and Baggage to Manitoba

WE had read in the early histories of the migration of my ancestors from England and Ireland and Scotland to New England, Virginia and other parts of the United States and Canada. I had heard of the joys and sorrows of the people traveling from the Eastern States to the Pacific Coast in the days of '49. I had gloried in the experiences of my brother, who in '78 had gone to the great West and inspired us with the stories of the new settlers.

In '79, my father, brother Andrew, his young wife, my two sisters and two brothers-in-law made their way out to the promised land. We had heard of the hopes and doubts of the young couples settling on the prairie and had heard of the two young nephews and one young niece who had been born, and now we, who had been left behind, were to see and realize it all.

Our final negotiations completed, we were ready to undertake what proved to be a glorious adventure—homesteading in Manitoba.

FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE

In April, 1880, we chartered a freight car, using every available inch to its best advantage, for it was loaded with everything from household furniture to horses and cattle.

The price of a chartered car included two tickets for passage on the same train. My father and younger brother, John, Jr., went in charge of this car. They left a few days before my mother, sister Mary, grandfather, and I took the train for Emerson, which was sixty miles from our homestead. We wanted to reach our train destination, Emerson, at the same time, so we gave the freight train a few days' leeway.

A neighbor volunteered to take us, bag and baggage, to the station. My grandfather, who had crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel, had raised a large sturdy family, and had conquered the forests, was now at eighty years of age to see his first railroad train, and have his first ride behind the great "iron horse." The dear old man never lost his courage or enthusiasm.

In our excitement and anxiety, we reached Campbellford about three hours before train time. This was fortunate because we learned that the contractor who put the railroad through out neighborhood was in town. He left his contract with a balance due our family for work and provisions, amounting to about four hundred dollars. No time was lost in getting an old lawyer, a

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family friend who sought out the contractor and tackled him for the money. He was just getting ready to leave the country, but before we parted we had compromised on the four hundred dollars by getting two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. We used to admire this contractor. He drove a glossy black horse with a jim-dandy buggy and was generally immaculately dressed.

We took the train shortly before noon and made the first lap of our journey to Belleville, a distance of forty miles.

My mother went to an orphanage in Belleville with which she had been corresponding, and adopted a beautiful little girl, five years old, named Maggie Wilson. My sister and I were shocked to learn that my mother was not content with having reared seven children, but wanted to undertake another. However, we soon fell in love with the little girl, and she was a great joy to us.

A journeyman tailor by the name of Mulligan had made me a light suit of clothes with quite a long coat, but I decided that I needed a dark suit in addition. After I bought it, I found that the dark coat was much shorter and larger than the light coat and, lacking storage room, it was necessary for me to wear the dark coat over the light one.

My next purchase was a churn. My older sister had asked us to take one out to her. This was a tall and

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narrow one with a "dash" which worked up and down. We found that we needed a box or basket to carry the lunch. The churn was just the thing. I knew enough of Physics to know that two things could not occupy the same place at the same time, so when the food was put in the churn, the dash was put under the seat and I thought the problem was solved. In actual practice, however, we found that since the churn was so long and narrow to get the pie at the bottom necessitated putting all the food on the seat. It worked and, perhaps, we enjoyed those luncheons more than we would enjoy one now at the Commodore.

Years afterward in Manitoba, at a "tea meeting" held in the unfinished upstairs of our new house, a family attended who had been on the train with us. During the program, after I had given a recitation, a young lady (one of the family of our traveling companions) got up and gave a vivid description of my churn, my way of dispensing food, my light coat on the bottom and my dark coat on top. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Ben Turpin, or Joseph Jefferson never had a more delighted audience than the one that night, not so sidesplitting, however, for me, being too young to appreciate the real humor of it.

We had no Pullman sleeper on the whole trip from Belleville to Emerson, Manitoba, but an ordinary car

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all day and all night for nearly four days. We crossed the ferry at Detroit in the evening. The beauties of the lights, even though electrical displays were not known in those days, were a marvel. My grandfather had passed the stage of wondering and marveling. He just stood in awe.

The next night we came into Chicago at the LaSalle Street Station, and took a bus over to the Washington Hotel near the Northwestern Depot, from which we expected to take the train the next morning. Those towering buildings on that trip across the city impressed me. The Washington Hotel seemed rather expensive to me, so while the family waited in the parlor of the hotel, I went out into that Chicago night with four hundred dollars in my pockets, to see if I could find a cheaper lodging house, but failed to find a satisfactory place.

The hotel, in the midst of busy Chicago, was a God-send to all of us that night. We slept late and arose refreshed and happy that we were alive and so much nearer our goal.

The great cities on our way from Ontario to Manitoba fascinated us, but perhaps we were more impressed by the great stretches of cultivated farms through the whole three thousand miles of our journey. The trip through the western part of Ontario showed for many miles thrifty farm houses with fairly good fences, barns and

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stables, and an abundance of cattle, sheep, horses, hogs, and fowl of all kinds. Through this territory the farms were comparatively small and the buildings were not large. After we passed over the Detroit River and entered the State of Michigan, we found the houses were larger and better kept, while the barns, stables and chicken houses, generally painted red, were better than in Ontario. We passed great stretches of fruit orchards, and large fields being prepared for wheat, oats, and barley, and, in some sections, for truck farming. The whole development through the State of Michigan was so extensive and generous in its proportions that it amazed all of us greatly.

In Indiana and Illinois, we saw something of what they were already doing, building up immense new factories. The next day we passed through part of north-western Illinois, the southern part of Wisconsin and Minnesota. This latter state had great stretches of truck farms, but wheat and stock filled most of the landscape. We were among the Scandinavians, a people who have done much to bring thrift and prosperity to that part of the United States. We met on the train a Scandinavian lumber merchant from one of the small towns. He seemed to enjoy my enthusiasm with all that I had seen. He said, "Young man, you have a right to go into ecstasies over the country through which you have been

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passing." Illustrating what he meant, he said, "Place one foot of a compass on the dot showing the city of Chicago, swing that compass around covering five hundred miles in every direction, and you will take in a territory in which live people who are among the greatest producers and the greatest consumers in the world." That statement was not forgotten and, when in after years traveling over that same territory selling goods, I realized how well he had sized up the situation, and how intelligently he had expressed it.

CHAPTER IV

Homesteading 160 Acres, Pre-empting 160 Acres

WE were fortunate in our arrangements of the different parties; those coming by train arrived in the afternoon, those from the homestead arrived in the evening and found us all at our boarding house. The winter had been exceptionally cold and stormy. It took courage, faith, patience and hope to go through that winter and meet us the following spring with a smile and a joyful welcome to a land of hope rather than to a land of despair.

Father, with the carload of possessions, arrived the next morning. The day was spent in transferring the goods from the car to the sleds. We were anxious to get started that day, to save the expense of another night in Emerson.

What a moving picture that would have made, as we started on our sixty-mile journey with our five loaded sleds drawn by one team of horses and four yoke of oxen. The horses, Jess and Jim, took the lead and set the pace. Mine was the last sled in line. Our first mile out of Emerson took us across a ravine. During the winter

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the heavy snows and the constant travel had filled the ravine. It was now springtime. The roads were beginning to cut. The first four sleds passed over safely, each cutting in a little deeper, but when mine, the fifth sled came, it cut so badly that my oxen and sled sank into the slush and were held there. All the men joined in a heroic effort to extricate us. Plunging in up to their waists, they cleaned away the slush, hitched on another yoke of oxen and pulled us out. It was a cold April afternoon. My clothing was frozen to the waist, and as I bent my knees, the ice cracked.

The beautiful red setting sun in the west beckoned us on, and nothing daunted we proceeded to the Mennonite village, six miles away, where we received a warm welcome by these sturdy, lovable people. As we entered the warm room, I fell, exhausted, and was unconscious for some time. My father and brother discussing my case, were unanimous in their belief that "the rigorous climate will be too much for James." They were not good prophets as I proved to them later.

The Mennonites were followers of Simon Mennon, who originally lived in Germany, and an interesting people. Anti-war was part of their religion. They had been driven out of Germany to Russia, because they would not train for the army. Afterward, when urged to volunteer in Russia, they made an agreement with the

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Canadian Government for a splendid tract of land in Manitoba. They were a very religious, industrious, hospitable people, ready to share anything they had. These people were destined to be our entertainers for years to come as we traveled back and forth to Emerson, our nearest market place.

After spending the night, we proceeded on our two days' journey. As we neared our destination, we were in the midst of a severe blizzard. My oxen got off the road and as we passed over a very bumpy place a woman rushed out of the side of the hill. We had driven over her house, a dug-out. It was Mrs. Michael Burns, an Ontario settler, who, with her husband, was one of our best friends for many years. I have just learned of his death in Long Beach, California, where he retired a few years ago—a prosperous man.

Bishop Warne tells, among many stories of his Manitoba experiences, this one about the Burns family:

"I stayed one night in the home of those we called 'Michael and Susie.' He was a converted Roman Catholic and came to Manitoba and took up a homestead. I stayed over nights with them before they had a house and were living in a dug-out, but later they had a house and baby. The house was log with a sod roof. They had a floor in one end of a twelve-foot room. When you entered the house you took a step or so before you came to the floor. On that little floor they had their bed, table,

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stove, and all their furniture. When the evening meal was over and it came time to go to bed, a discussion rose as to who was to sleep on the bed and who on the floor. Susie would say, 'Michael, what will the people say if we let the preacher sleep on the floor?' And I would reply, 'What will the people say if they hear that the preacher let the baby sleep on the floor?' And so the discussion ran, but there were two against one, and I had to submit to sleeping on the bed. When all was ready, the way we put up curtains was to blow out the light. This was done, and I was on the bed when the end at which my head was gave way, and my head went to the floor, and my feet remained on the bed. I could hear through the darkness softly, 'Michael, the preacher is on the floor—we must get up.' I was laughing till I was in a perspiration, but I had to put up the curtains by dressing, and then all were up, and the bed was repaired and we had our sleep."

Franke W. Warne, a graduate of Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, had recently come with his young wife to cast his lot with the settlers of Manitoba. To this day the yardstick that the people of southern Manitoba use in measuring new ministers is Bishop Frank W. Warne. Later he went to Evanston, Illinois, to complete his theological training. His letters induced me to go to Evanston to take my university work. He went to India to occupy Bishop Thoburn's Church in Calcutta. He became head of the great mass revival movement of

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the Orient and has been a great power in that eastern land. He was elected a Methodist Bishop at the General Conference in Chicago and that same day he took dinner with us at our home in Evanston. Twenty years later, he officiated at the marriage of my daughter, Katherine, in Brooklyn. Before his death, he christened her two children.

The settlers in Manitoba, we found were mostly from Ontario and were a splendid group of strong, intelligent people. The United States did not allow a person to homestead under twenty-one years of age, Canada's age requirement was eighteen. On our arrival, we found that one of our neighbors had been called back to Ontario and was anxious to sell his rights. My father purchased for me the right to homestead one hundred and sixty acres and to pre-empt an additional one hundred and sixty acres.

The purchase was a sort of "catch as catch can," because his right expired within four days and if we could not reach the land office at Emerson sixty miles away the claim, we had purchased, would be without value. Early in the morning my father and I started with the horses and wagon across the prairie for Emerson. The territory was covered with water and the water with a thin sheet of ice which cut the horses' legs and made it impossible for them to travel. We took the team back to

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the stable and started on foot. We could pick our path. We crossed ravines and creeks, occasionally got a lift in a farm wagon and reached Emerson shortly before sundown the day on which our claim expired. The office was closed and locked. I was about as badly undone as when I first popped the question to my best girl, and she said "No." In neither case, however, did it end at that. We located the home of the land agent, brought him back to the office, paid his fee, entered the claim and walked back that night to the Mennonite village where we stayed until morning. I was a land owner, not in fee but in embryo, of three hundred and twenty acres of rich deep soil, one-half mile one way, and one whole mile the other way. What more could an eighteen-year-old boy wish for than that?

It now devolved on me to secure my claim by planting some crops, by breaking some new prairie, building a house and stable and generally putting myself in shape to comply with the rules and regulations of the Government for homesteaders.

The first summer on my homestead seemed to be especially full of things that were interesting and oft-times thrilling. My house was one mile and a half from the nearest neighbors. James Lane Allen in his beautiful description of the wild flowers of Kentucky never presented a more colorful picture than could be seen on

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the prairies of southern Manitoba in those days. The wild rose and vetch, the sweet peas, the daisies and other flowers made it a great natural garden.

One day there passed a line of Indian runners in single file, running rhythmically and steadily without hesitation or rest from the time they came in sight until they disappeared behind the woods of the Boyne River. It never occurred to me to be afraid because I had known the Indians in Ontario all my life and had played and slept with Indian boys and known them intimately.

Many traders and settlers going West passed by, mostly in the two-wheeled Red River carts which were made of wood and gave out a squeaking noise that could be heard for miles. Sometimes a wolf would come along, sometimes a fox or coyote—occasionally a magnificent elk, and one day three beautiful little deer came by.

At another time, I entertained a group of surveyors who were directed by Professor John Macoun, a first cousin of my mother's, a great writer and explorer employed by the Canadian Government.

About this time he was making explorations and surveys as to the fertility of the land and the value of certain sections because the Government was negotiating then with a group of capitalists, mostly Canadians, to complete the plans of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It was

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on his report that the basis was laid for this contract. Most of the politicians and statesmen were loath to believe that there were vast stretches, almost unlimited, of rich soil through Manitoba and the Northwest with comparatively good climate. Mr. Macoun declared that Manitoba climate was warmer and better with less storms and tornadoes than the climate in the Dakotas and Minnesota. When he made his reports, he found that in order to get a hearing for them it was necessary to lower his real estimate of the value and extent of the territory. But during the year, the Canadian Government did enter into an agreement with this group of capitalists to carry the railroad five hundred miles west from Winnipeg. The consideration seems to have been twenty-five million dollars' worth of land which, as it proved later, was worth many times that much, and twenty-five million dollars in cash.

My brother, who was always progressive, decided to have a grove on his prairie home and arranged with me to help in the planting after the spring work had been done. The history of Manitoba showed that the spring was generally comparatively dry and not the best kind of weather for giving a good standing to trees just transplanted from the woods, but we took the chance and laid off a tract adjoining his home in a soil somewhat



Andrew Graham



Forest Home Farm

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lighter than the average of his farm, a regular sandy loam. We spent much time in this work. It was done with great care. It happened that for some time there was an abundance of moisture and not one of these trees was lost. There were poplar, ash, maple, oak, and others. This farm became known far and wide as "Forest Home Farm," noted especially as the headquarters of thoroughbred stock. Andrew specialized in Shorthorn cattle, Cotswell sheep, Plymouth Rock chickens, Chester White pigs, even his Collie dog was a thoroughbred, and at one time he brought eleven thoroughbred Clydesdale horses from Scotland.

In 1927, he was awarded an honorary diploma by the Manitoba Agricultural College, "in recognition of his outstanding success as a farmer, and his contributions to public affairs, largely in connection with agricultural organizations."

I have seen the mosquito in the southwest. I have seen the mosquito in all its glory on Long Island, in Brooklyn, in Staten Island, and in New Jersey (the far-famed New Jersey mosquito!), but it seems to me that to make the comparison between any of these mosquitoes or all of these mosquitoes and the ones that were found in the summer of 1880 in Manitoba, the procedure would be something like this. Multiply the number of mosquitoes found in all of these places at one time by one mil-

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lion and the number of mosquitoes thus obtained would approximate the number that you would find on a June evening in 1880 on a new-made road in Manitoba.

Generally a brisk wind blew on the prairie, but it would subside toward sunset. All over the prairie were little low spots containing small pools of water which seemed to be perfectly adapted to the breeding of the mosquito. One night while driving the oxen from Pomeroy to my father's home, about four and a half miles, the wind dropped just before sunset, and the mosquitoes arose from the grass everywhere by the millions. The oxen became unmanageable. They were relieved by throwing a blanket over each one of them. The mosquitoes generally lighted on the backs of the animals and, if the backs were covered, they would not trouble them much anywhere else. Another blanket was put over my head and we traveled along in a fairly comfortable way. The swarms of mosquitoes almost hid the sun. This story may be all right for the "Tall Story Club," but it does not half tell it. If in the evening you wished vegetables from the garden, you simply had to cover up so no part of you would be exposed.

Bishop Warne tells me that on first coming to Manitoba, he met a friend who knew a great deal about the habits of the mosquito and its way of doing things. He assured him that there was not a "single" mosquito

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just then in Manitoba. The Bishop wanted an explanation. "Well," said the friend, "every one of them is married and has a big family."

We very often built fires for smudges. We built them in such a way as to produce as much smoke as possible. After the fire was built, we would cover it partially with sod. The cattle and horses when smudges were built would often tear through barbed wire fences and any obstruction before them in order to get to the smoke. It seemed to act as an opiate to the mosquito, which in later years never compared in numbers with those of that first year because the settlers learned to drain the swamps and the pools and thus eliminated the breeding places. Year after year improvement came just as it has come in Long Island, Brooklyn, Staten Island and New Jersey.

CHAPTER V

Proving Up on My Claim

"PROVING UP" a claim in Manitoba was not such a simple matter as one at first blush might imagine. The settler was expected to reside on his homestead a certain portion of each year. Also, he was expected to cultivate a part of his homestead, but not necessarily any part of his pre-emption. A home of some kind must be established. The requirements as to the house and stable were not exacting. The first summer I lived in a tent, broke a few acres of prairie and planted a garden.

My father had purchased from the Government a "wood lot," located in the Pembina Mountains twenty miles from my farm. This was covered with white oak, especially suited for building my house and stables. During the first winter we cut and hewed on two sides timber sufficient for my purpose, and early the next spring we raised the walls. My father was experienced in this kind of construction.

The second summer I lived in a tent, broke more prairie and "back-set" what I had broken the previous spring. This "back-setting" is an interesting process and abso-

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lutely necessary for cropping. My prairie was level and smooth. With a John Deere plow, a furrow two inches thick was turned. This needed one winter of rotting, and the following spring was turned back (back-set), turning an extra two inches with it. This produced a splendid crop.

I felt confident, as we entered the second winter, that I was carrying out my obligations to the Government, although I was living part of the year at my father's home, sixteen miles from my homestead. My mother, who was the general arbitrator in our home, agreed with me. However, I received word from the Government Land Office at Winnipeg that a neighbor who had more boys than land for homes was trying to "jump my claim" by filing a statement that I was not living on the land. The notice had been delayed in delivery and there remained but a few days to establish my claim.

Early the next morning fully equipped with lumber, building paper, a sheet iron stove, some cooking utensils, food and plenty of bedding, I started for my farm sixteen miles away, reaching there shortly after noon. What a homecoming! There were the four walls of my log house which were not chinked or plastered and, though there were openings for doors and windows, there were no doors or windows. The building had two feet of snow in it which I shoveled out. There was perhaps a

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foot of frost in the ground which could not be shoveled out. There was no roof. The walls and ceiling downstairs I lined with brown paper, set up my stove in one end, and around it built a room of lumber and lined it with brown paper.

My horses were put in one end of the house. They were a sturdy pair and, with plenty of oats and hay to eat and straw bedding, were very comfortable and contented.

My bed was of hay with plenty of blankets. This might be called bachelor quarters though I was not twenty years old. Game abounded. With a good shotgun, I was able to get prairie chickens and other game which was shared with my neighbor a mile and a half away.

In the meantime, my father had started in a sleigh for the Land Office at Winnipeg, sixty miles distant, with affidavits, showing what I had done and what I was doing. He also made a payment on my pre-emption, which more fully established my rights.

With some good books, an interesting and profitable few weeks passed and soon spring was there.

As winter advanced, the days grew very short. The sun made a circuit over the southern sky and as it became lower and lower, the temperature dropped. Aurora Borealis! This name is derived from "Aurora" the dawn

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of day and "Boreal" northern—the northern lights. On a calm winter night with the prairie covered with pure white snow and the northern lights at their best, the scene was indescribably beautiful.

The summertime was different. The days lengthened and the nights shortened. Old Sol would sink in the northwest and cover with glory those miles and miles of prairie grass, with occasional wheat fields, and very shortly he would show his rosy head again in the northeast after the short night.

Standing on the ridge in front of my homestead and watching the red golden glow in the northwest, I have turned my glance to the northeast and distinctly saw the same kind of glow, but somewhat lighter in color, creep over the horizon. We read about the experiences of the Arctic explorers when the sun stays above the horizon for several months at a time, but they could not in that kind of climate raise wheat or apples or the ordinary fruits which we were able to raise.

Someone said that in the springtime you are apt to lie down in a bed of snow and arise in the morning surrounded by growing grass. This statement is hardly correct, but it is remarkable how quickly the balmy winds clear off the snow and start vegetation.

When we first settled in Manitoba, we were troubled to have the late planted crops escape the frost, but a

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strange thing has gradually developed. The length of time which wheat took from seeding time to maturity grew less and less. My brother tells me that red fife wheat will mature in seventeen days' less time now than it did when we first settled in the West. He also says that you can plant soft wheat from Oklahoma and in a few years the spur that comes from the rich soil, and especially from the vigorous climate, makes of it a red fife wheat, capable of maturing in the shorter period of time. Perhaps this same vigorous climate acts as a spur to the growth and development of the men and women up there.

CHAPTER VI

Life on the Prairie

AFTER harvest, it was necessary to haul our grain to Emerson to market, and to bring back lumber and supplies. Early I dreamed of taking a college course, when I should "prove up" on my own land and sell it or rent it and have funds for an education. On my trips to and from Emerson with my oxen, Buck and Bill, I read and studied with the thought of preparation for college entrance examinations. I learned by rote Bryant's beautiful poem "The Prairies," most of which I am still able to recite. It tells the story of that land so well that I am quoting part of it.

"THE PRAIRIES"

"These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away.
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,

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Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever—Motionless?
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all His glorious work;
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.”

The country was a revelation to me, coming as I did
from a country of stones, stumps, hills, and poor soil.
The wonder was not entirely with beautiful flowers, rich



My Homestead in Manitoba

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

soil, and exhilarating climate, but with the abundance of game as well. I heard Thompson Seton, the great explorer and naturalist, who visited that country just before we arrived, say in a lecture in Chicago that the greatest game country in the world was Manitoba. During that first spring, the prairie was covered for miles with geese, brant and ducks on their way north for the summer and in almost as large numbers in the autumn on their way south. The prairie chicken came out of the sheltering bluffs and small woods in such numbers that your gun barrels would become hot and you grow tired of shooting, because you could not use the game. I saw the sand hill crane in the springtime, in his strutting magnificence, the Walk-up-the-Creek and other fowl in great numbers. Many times riding over the plains, my pony would trip and almost throw me by stepping into a gopher's hole. But generally when the pony would strike a badger's hole, I would not "almost" but actually go headlong. Sometimes, later I would remember the spot and get a shot at the badger.

We had some skunks and occasionally rattlesnakes. Thompson Seton says of the skunk, "This animal has so long enjoyed immunity from attack through the terror of its armament, that it has neglected modes of defense which its ancestors employed. Like the rattlesnake it

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has lost its speed, its ability to climb trees, and its keen wits. In truth it has become slow and stupid, satisfied with itself and utterly unsuspicious." Foxes, coyotes and gray wolves are not so. They have a sort of inborn knowledge and distrust of everything that might injure them.

During the first winter, there was much snow and many blizzards. The drifts on the great stretches of prairie near my home looked not unlike the waves of the ocean. Mice and other small animals made their winter habitation in the little clumps of bushes scattered over the prairies, over which the snow blew and made an elevation. With a two-barrel shotgun, I often amused myself by hunting for the gray wolf, the red fox and sometimes another fox much like the silver fox, as we found them on bright sunny days hunting for mice.

One day I observed a beautiful fox which had located some mice, as he supposed, in one of the elevations. This was to windward of my house, so he could not scent my coming. He dug in the snow until he felt anxious, and then came up to investigate. I started for him the first time I saw him digging and about the time I thought he would come up, I lay flat in the hollow behind a drift. When he resumed his digging, I went over two or three more drifts and hid again. On his last appearance, when I was close enough to him, I boldly got to my

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feet and started so that when he came up again I easily brought him down. The skins were valuable and were easily sold.

Elk abounded in the Pembina Mountains, which were covered with timber. One morning, driving out from the sawmill, I was halted by a splendid group of elk crossing the road in front of me. The old king may have cried "My Kingdom for a horse," but I would have given two kingdoms that morning for a double barrel shotgun loaded with buckshot. In dry season, the elk sometimes wandered for miles out of the woods. While breaking prairie one day thirty miles or so from the mountains toward the Red River, I had unhitched to feed my oxen when I saw a man coming on horseback. As he came nearer, I realized that it was not a man on horseback, but a great elk, and his horns were what I had taken for a man in the saddle. After looking me over and circling partly around me, he started off toward the marsh away from his native mountains at a lively pace.

It has always seemed to me distressing that so many of our birds and animals should have become extinct, especially the passenger pigeon, a most beautiful bird. These birds lived in great numbers in Ontario during my boyhood days, but I am not sure that any of them exist today in freedom or captivity.

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The animal, the loss of which I regret most, is the buffalo. When we first went to Manitoba, the prairie as far as we could see actually glistened with the white bones of the buffalo, sometimes the great horns showing clearly. The bones were gathered by a company, ground, and sold for fertilizer. The paths cut through the banks leading to the watering places showed where they had tramped in countless numbers.

One of the most exciting and thrilling experiences of my frontier life was my encounter with a big, brown bear. For a few days before this incident, we had been receiving reports of bears roaming out on the prairie among the wheat fields. Sometimes there was the whole family, father, mother, and children, but occasionally the old fellow was alone. We were quite excited with these reports. This particular day, I was running a self-binder on my brother's place. Mrs. Hurton, the kindly neighbor who afterward helped me out by buying my first sewing machine, sent a note over to me by her little boy, Tommy. The boy came out of the back of the house to the wheat field because, as the note said, there was an "enormous bear" in the wheat field, not far from the place where my binder stood. I sent the boy back to the house, stripped the harness from the three horses, tied two of them to a post and mounted the other bareback. I was a good rider and sure of my seat; the

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horse was a good runner and sure of foot. With a pitchfork as my only weapon, I started for the bear.

Talk about excitement! Talk about thrills! Old Bruin was standing on his hind legs eating wheat and looking as big as a barn. When he saw us coming he swung around and started for the woods at a pretty fast pace. I was anxious to keep him out of these woods, fearing that if he once got under cover it would be hard to get him out in open territory again, so I started full speed to head him off. When it seemed that I had done the trick, he made a lively spurt and, instead of my getting ahead of him and steering him toward the plains, my mare came smack against him with her breast. The shock knocked him over. He turned on his back, my mare went on top of him and I went over her head. As he turned on his back, he clawed with his front paws her breast and front legs, and with his hind claws her belly and hind legs.

I have never been quite sure which was the most frightened—the bear, the mare, or myself—but I know very well that the mare was the most injured. She was bleeding like a stuck pig. All of us got to our feet. The bear started toward the grove which surrounded my brother's house, instead of for the woods. I mounted the mare, rode over to a neighbor's and got a two-barrel shotgun. My brother had gone to a neighbor's for another gun.

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His wife and the children went upstairs and viewed our approach from the window.

The bear seemed to be anxious to reach anything that afforded protection. He went through an opening in the fence, and through the grove to the front of the house. I went around and met him just as he came up the path to the gate. He did not go through the gate, but turned toward the pig pen. Bears are great lovers of pork, but I rather think that his mind was on anything but tasty young pork at that moment. As he turned, I shot. It developed afterward that this charge had entered his heart. My brother came along and raised his gun to finish the old fellow, but instead of firing, he lowered his gun and said, "No, you should have the credit of doing the whole job." To my mind, it was a wonderful instance of self-restraint and kindly brotherly feeling that very few people would have exercised.

When dressed, the bear weighed nearly four hundred pounds. We sent meat everywhere and to everybody. We had always heard that bear oil was very healing and very fine generally. I was so impressed with the whole thing that I took a bottle of the oil with me when I went to college. I do not know what I intended to do with this oil. Perhaps I intended to use it as hair oil, or perhaps to give it to my best girl as a souvenir, but, at any rate, I took it.



Northwestern University Hall

CHAPTER VII

Second Great Adventure—Breaking Home Ties for Northwestern University

THE last summer spent in Manitoba was devoted chiefly to preparation for a University course which had been my dream for years. Times were hard. During the summer, I took title to my three hundred and twenty acres which I rented for almost nothing, disposed of my stock which consisted of a yoke of oxen and a couple of heifers, some wheat, oats, and hay.

About this time a half-breed by the name of Riel stirred up a rebellion in British Columbia. This same man, a few years before, had attempted to capture Fort Garry at Winnipeg and, unfortunately, had not been caught. So he had gone west to stir up another rebellion. Though preparing to go to Evanston, to a young man who loved horses and outdoor life nothing had such an appeal as a trip to the far western country to down a rebellion. A group of us gathered together, organized a small company ready to "bleed and die for our country." Before we were called into action, the half-breed was captured and we were greatly disappointed.

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The night before leaving for Evanston was a sleepless one. I was twenty-three years old, had friends, good health, and a certainty of comparative success in life. I could settle down and do as thousands of others were doing. Was I foolish to go? And so it went, hour after hour, during that night, but the "but" prevailed and next morning I bade goodby to the old scenes and old friends.

My mother took me to Morden, the nearest railroad station. It was a serious day for her. She was so perturbed that she lost her way home on the prairie and was hours late in returning. They told me that she did not shake off the loneliness. It was the last time I saw her. She was taken a few months afterwards in the epidemic of typhoid fever and died before I could reach her side.

One experience after another came to me on my trip to Evanston. As I left Emerson, I made the acquaintance of a man who had learned that I was on my way to Chicago. "How fortunate," he said. "We will be company for each other." At Grand Forks, North Dakota while the train was waiting to get water, we walked across the street and entered a restaurant, where my new friend discovered a lifelong friend. He and the friend began to pitch dice and, all at once, he discovered that his chum was making a proposition to him that was sure to lose. He said to me, "We can make enough money right here to help me and add to your accumulation for

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college work." He accepted the proposition from his crony and asked me to join. "Sure, we will win!" he said. Something about that time made me suspicious. The whistle of the train added to the suspicion and, instead of betting, I bolted through the open door of the restaurant and just caught my moving train. My friend was left at Grand Forks where he probably lived.

The next afternoon, I reached the Northwestern Depot in Chicago. I asked a cabman who stood near-by if he would help me get to the proper depot for Evanston. He said, "All right, jump in." He whisked me around a few blocks—brought me back to the original spot and charged me seventy-five cents, which made quite a hole in my small pile.

After I paid tuition for one term, purchased some books and provided for two weeks board, I had a perfectly good five dollar bill, a good constitution, and a willingness and ability to work.

In the evening, I attended a literary society called "Philimathia" in the preparatory school whose headmaster was Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, one of the greatest secondary educators in the country, and a splendid friend of mine in subsequent years. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved: That the United States should annex Canada." When the regular contestants were through, I was on my feet at once and began an ardent plea for

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the annexation of the United States by Canada, arguing that Canada had less graft, a saner, stronger class of citizens and, all in all, the situation would be better if Canada were in control. This created quite a sensation.

In spite of the views I expressed that night, however, I lost no time in making application for my United States citizenship papers. If Canada could not annex the United States then I must do the next best thing and annex myself to the United States.

The rapid changes from the wild prairies of the west to Evanston, known as the "Athens of the West," were full of human interest. I had the bliss of being ignorant, and I am sure that it would have been folly to have been wise.

One day, I approached some surveyors and asked them what they charged per dozen for pictures. This incident was in the college paper that week, but, as they did not have my name, I enjoyed the joke with the other boys without being its butt.

Many serious questions presented themselves. My course must be decided. Error No. 1 was made by blundering into the classical course. However, I did not major in Greek. The next question was what could I do to pay expenses? This was solved by getting busy.

The story of how I painted fences, took care of furnaces, sifted ashes, and did other labor for twenty cents

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an hour, seems more amusing now than at that time, but I was so happy to have the work and soon began to turn things so that my time, which was now my real capital, should bring better returns.

I met many worthwhile students who became lifelong friends. Among them, one who took me "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," and who through all these years, has been my helper, my adviser, my partner, my inspiration, always patient with my short-comings.

One Saturday, I was asked to help unload a vessel of coal down on the dock on Lake Michigan. I realized that this would take most of the night and I was to pump the Methodist church organ at the ten o'clock service in the morning, but the controlling thing about it was that I needed the money. Sometimes I would shovel coal and sometimes I would control the buckets, but it was real work. We got through at daylight Sunday morning. I went to my home which was in the tower of the old Academy. My room-mate and I boarded ourselves. We used soft coal, so it took a lot of scrubbing to keep us clean. At any rate, there was not time for sleep that night.

At ten o'clock, I was "Johnny on the spot." The choir-master realized that morning what an important part of the choir I was for, when the last hymn was announced, I was sound asleep and had to be aroused.

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This was the University church, and all students were required to attend church Sunday morning. The church was always filled, including the large gallery used mostly by the students. In the audience was Frances E. Willard, founder of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and many distinguished characters who were responsible, to a great extent, for the future of the University. Dr. Cummings, the president, William Deering, whose harvesters I had been selling and operating in Manitoba, James Patten, known as the "wheat king," who gave the University its great gymnasium, William Dyche, who made possible the Dyche Stadium where Northwestern played that great tie game with Notre Dame, and Milton Wilson, who gave to the University eight and one half million dollars as an endowment fund which was especially appreciated as it was designated that it should be used for payment of salaries. Most of the professors with their wives and families, including Professor Cumnock, the great teacher of elocution, Professor Carhart, the scientist who became very famous afterwards, Professor Bonbright, of Latin culture, Professor Baird, of Greek fame, and Professor Atwell, loved by every student, all of whom gave a power to Northwestern which money could not buy.

Had I known my audience that morning, I would not have fallen asleep.

CHAPTER VIII

Selling Books in Iowa

CANVASSING in those days was a popular vocation for a student who was earning all or part of his college expenses. The work was educational and well supplemented the college work in the class room and on the campus.

I was fortunate in meeting Mr. Hugh Heron of Chicago, a publisher and a good Canadian. He invited me to his home on Indiana Avenue where I met his delightful family and ever afterward was a frequent guest.

Arrangements were made to go to Shelbyville, Iowa, the following June with his general agent, Mr. Lumkin. Two classmates, James McConnell and Mr. McCasky, joined us.

We reached Shelbyville in due time, got a very comfortable boarding house where we expected to make our headquarters and meet Saturday nights to recount our triumphs and our defeats, and give encouragement to each other.

Each of us carried a prospectus slung over his shoulder in an oilcloth sack, which, at the opportune moment,

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we would pull out and say casually, "I am representing a literary work of great merit called 'Great Events of the Greatest Century.'"

The weather was hot, times were hard, the roads were dusty, and we went on foot.

Casting about for some means of conveyance, I came to a farmer to whom I told my troubles, and endeavored to connect in his mind the sale of a book with the renting of a horse. The bargain was made that he should purchase a book at \$4.75, and I should credit on the purchase \$2.00 for the use of a horse for one week.

He brought in from the pasture a fine colt which he said was not broken to ride, but was gentle. He had a good saddle, so I saddled my colt and away we went. But that colt was worse than any bronco I ever tackled in the west, not because he bucked furiously, but because he was just ornery. When I came to a bridge or culvert, it took most of my vitality to get him across. A piece of paper blowing in the road would send him into convulsions. Everything strange disturbed him, and his disturbance was evidenced by his efforts to put me in the ditch. I stuck it out for six days, however, and then had quite a tractable colt. The farmer was chuckling when he saw me coming back, because he knew very well how vicious the colt was. He and the farm hands had tried to ride him several times and could not.



William B. Walrath, James S. Graham, J. Lewis Alabaster

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When I came to deliver his book in the fall, I insisted on his taking a \$6.50 binding instead of the \$4.75 binding, and told him I should charge him for breaking his colt. He chuckled again and said, "Perhaps that is true for he is a good rider now."

After walking another week, I got tired and found a farmer who had a "hoss," as he called it, that he would let me have for \$2.00 a week to be credited on the book which he would not otherwise have bought. I made the deal Saturday afternoon, went home, met the other boys and told them all about my experience.

Monday morning, bright and early, I went to the farmer to get the "hoss." He went into the stable and led out, not a horse or a colt, but a long-legged gray mule. I fastened up on my gray friend's back a measly little saddle and started.

It was the day after the Charleston earthquake. Everywhere the people were talking about the terrible shake-up the day before in Charleston. One remark heard on all sides was: "What a terrible thing if those earthquakes should become general." I was not long in my elevated seat when the earth began to shake. I rocked in my saddle. My mule had let out a terrific bray.

The braying became monotonous because every time I approached a man, woman or child, or habitation of man, woman or child, that mule would bray. They

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knew I was coming and were set against a purchase before I got there. I took the mule home and told the owner that I could not work with a mule for an advance agent, I must do my own braying.

The next week, I walked again and then secured a splendid little pony that did excellent work for me. It was an interesting summer, although full of hard toil. I went back to Evanston with a good sum for my summer's work, in fine condition physically.

One summer's work in western Iowa selling books had given me a taste of life which I liked.

Mr. Lumpkin left school that year and Mr. Heron asked me to take charge of the agency at Northwestern and get out a group of men.

Contracts were made with a dozen or more boys. Most of them went to territory somewhat removed from the section that I was to cover. Before school closed they were well trained, sometimes before mirrors for the work, and what was very important, well trained for the delivery.

Two of my special friends, Lewis Alabaster and William B. Walrath, went with me to western Iowa. Since it took a wagon load of corn to pay for a book, you will understand how difficult it was to sell, deliver and collect the money. It was a hot summer, corn was selling at sixteen cents a bushel.

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It was difficult to find the right kind of boarding house centrally located, but we were fortunate in locating with Mrs. Ross who made a real home for us. Our headquarters were so delightful that often we were there when we should have been out.

Shortly after getting to Iowa, we bought, one after the other, three fine little ponies. They were not saddle broken, however, and resented being ridden. I was chosen to break the ponies, and I did have a strenuous time. The worst of these, an iron gray bronco, promised trouble. We decided to unitedly tackle him. We chose a field fenced with barbed wire. I saddled him and mounted. After the first interview with this rascal, I found myself sprawling on the other side of the barbed wire fence, under which I had been thrown, and I found him sitting on his tail up against the fence. I crawled back, mounted the pony again and conquered him before I was again dismounted. He proved the best pony of the three.

Years after this, I received a letter from "Billy" Walrath, who has become a prominent attorney of Chicago, in which he said:

"You ask me what I remember about that summer. One thing that I remember very vividly was that you got tired of riding your gray bronco and bought a two-wheeled cart and drove her in it. She was an awful

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kicker, and you had to put a kicking strap on her back end so that she could not lift up and kick us in the knees (for I used to ride with you in the cart and lead my pony). Your mare was such a mean devil and kicked so much that you decided to trade her off. One day, as you were driving her in the cart, and I was riding with you, we met a young farmer with a likely looking horse that you thought would be a big improvement on your mare, and you drove a little off the side of the road and engaged the young farmer in conversation and talked trade. He seemed to be favorably inclined to trade, but he noticed the kicking strap on your mare's haunches and he asked, 'Does your hoss kick?' You answered, 'No she never kicks,' and as you said this you put your arm affectionately over her back. Instantly our mare raised her hind end, and I think she kicked thirty-seven times before she put her feet down.

"That ended the 'trade' talk and the young farmer drove away, and you and I spent a couple of hours mending the harness and the cart."

The same day I received a mighty interesting letter from Lew Alabaster, now retired and living in Riverside, California. He still is a "dead shot" and knows more about fish than anyone else I ever knew.

Our summer was filled with new experiences. My two chums were handsome, attractive young fellows who

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played hob with the girls generally, especially at a normal school where a lot of young lady school teachers were being trained. One evening, when we were having a good time with some young people, we were told that the local constable was looking for us. We knew full well that there had been a lot of horse stealing in that country, and that actually a couple had been stolen from this particular neighborhood. He accosted us and demanded that we show a bill of sale, which we should have gotten when we purchased the ponies. We had no bill of sale, so Billy Walrath and Lew Alabaster, who were always good talkers, started in to argue the case. They persuaded the constable that we were not horse thieves, but honest-to-goodness college boys.

When they got through, I took up the case and sold the constable a high-priced binding of our book. Toward the close of the season we each bought a cheap cart to deliver our books.

Horseback riding and cart riding was evidenced by the seats of our pants. Mrs. Ross had added patches for us, which did not always harmonize, but they did keep us from exposure. To save our "good clothes", we decided to wear our patched trousers on the train back to Evanston, but on entering the car we recognized several young lady students. We backed out hurriedly, donned our "good clothes" and had a jolly time with the girls

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on the train back to school. We confessed to them later why we had backed out of the train, why we did not "turn about face".

We shipped our ponies back to Evanston, and the gray pony I rode heading the parade in our Hallowe'en celebration.

During the year, everything centered in preparation for graduation from Preparatory. A program was arranged at which ten members of the class were elected to make addresses. It has always been a great satisfaction to me that I received every vote of the class except my own—fortunately I did not vote for myself. Miss Sanborn, the future Mrs. Graham, was also elected one of the speakers. Her subject was "Woman of Today," while I fearlessly attacked "The Evils of Monopoly." That Commencement was the first function in which we were called on to pull together, but by no means the last.

William B. Walrath's wife is the founder and soul of The Cradle in Evanston, Illinois. Besides being a mother of four children she has been a wonderful mother in placing nearly three thousand homeless babies at The Cradle in homes eager for them.

CHAPTER IX

Life in Evanston

ONE morning Dr. Fisk called me to his office and said, "What do you know about the culture of apples and grapes, and the care of horses and cows?" I said, "Doctor, my Latin and Greek are not so good, but I think I can make 100 per cent in those subjects."

Friends of his out on Ridge Avenue wanted a student to live with them and do that kind of work for his room and board. The family consisted of Mrs. Haskell and her daughter, Emily, who was a fine pianist. Sometimes, I acted as their coachman and between times trimmed the apple trees and pruned the grape vines, milked the cow, took care of the horse and garden.

They learned that I had never been to the theater and devised a way of inducing me to attend one. "My best fellow," Miss Haskell said in quite a perturbed voice, "has found that he cannot attend the theater with me tonight. I have two tickets and I wish you would take me." Mrs. Haskell was in the scheme and said, "Yes, James, you should go. It will be a part of your education and it will help Emily." That settled it.

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The actor was the elder Salvini, perhaps the greatest Shakespearean actor that ever lived, and the theater was the old McVicker's in Chicago. I have never seen "Othello" played as it was played that night. I knew not whether I was in the body or out of the body, on earth or in the seventh heaven. Miss Haskell said that I leaned over the balcony in a trance. I was in a trance until I got back to the Chicago River. That brought me to my senses.

There were some great actors in those days. I saw Booth and Barrett in Shakespearean plays, and the lovable Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley," Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" and "Cricket on the Hearth," Julia Marlowe in "As You Like It" and others.

About this time I asked my future wife to see Sothorn in "Lord Dundreary." She replied that she was a Methodist and did not believe it was right to attend the theater. It was not long after that she changed her mind and has always been rather sorry that she did not take the opportunity to see this great artist.

My father came to see me. He was a Methodist minister but I persuaded him to go with me to see Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead." He was captivated with the play, and his attitude toward the theater was completely changed.

My brother visited me during the World's Fair in

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1893. He had never been to the theater. I took him to see "America," that great spectacular, historical production, arranged especially for the World's Fair. His enjoyment was great.

It was quite the thing for the boys to organize eating clubs. They chose one of their number to act as steward, whose duty it was to do the buying, keep the accounts, apportion the amount each boy should pay and persuade the boys to patronize his club, for which he received his board. The waiters, who were students, received the same. One of those waiters is now an eminent surgeon of Chicago, Dr. Frank Kindig.

One term I acted as steward of such a club on Chicago Avenue. After this I made arrangements with another club, on the Shore Road, on a different and better basis, where I assumed all responsibility, charged the boys \$2.85 a week, and had a profit. The club opened with thirty-five boys, but I soon had fifty-five, with always a waiting list. This proved relatively profitable. I kept this club until I left college.

Many of the boys were "Bibs," as we called them—students of Garret Biblical Institute. They sometimes rebelled at the treatment they received from other stu-

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dents. One night they organized a meeting of protest in Heck Hall. A group of us heard about it and decided to attend in a body. They learned of our plans and were ready for us. They assembled every available receptacle that would hold water and filled it. As we marched up the stairs, at a given signal they began singing, "There Shall Be Showers of Blessings," and the water descended on us in torrents. We made a hasty and ignominious retreat.

Evanston, beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, was named for Mr. Evans who gave much of the land which is now the University campus. He and a group of prominent citizens in 1851 conceived the idea of founding a great center of learning just north of Chicago. They made application to the State of Illinois for a charter. Among other things, they provided that this charter should prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within a radius of four miles of the University, and Evanston became then, and has been since, one of the leading centers of the temperance movement throughout the world. "Rest Cottage," the home of Frances E. Willard and her mother, "Saint Courageous," is the national headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Evanston was known for its beautiful homes and cultured people. There was one family which meant much

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to me in those early days. This was the Singleton family, the latchstring of whose beautiful home was always out to the "young farm boy from Manitoba." Major Singleton was a typical aristocratic southern gentleman—dignified, forceful and always kindly. Mrs. Singleton was a descendant of the illustrious Shelby family of Kentucky. I have never known a more queenly woman in her home, which to me was a place of refuge in time of trouble.

One evening I attended a meeting in an Evanston auditorium presided over by Major Singleton. John B. Gough, the great temperance orator from Maine, and Miss Willard were the principal speakers. Mr. Gough told of the coming of prohibition. He told of its history and spoke of the great influence of a Catholic priest, Father Matthews. Father Matthews was a friend of my mother's when a young girl. Mr. Gough told of prohibition in Maine, his state, which was the first state to vote itself dry. He told of prohibition in Kansas.

"Does prohibition in Kansas prohibit?" shouted a heckler in the audience. He answered by telling the story of a man who went to a small town in Kansas. He understood that he could obtain liquor there in any quantity at almost any place. One night he approached a bootlegger and made known his wants. "Fix you up fine," said the bootlegger, who then took him down an

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alley, up another alley, through the back door, up the back stairs, down the front stairs, out again, down the same alley and stopped at a spot between an old high board fence and a barn. Then he pulled off his wooden leg and, after looking cautiously about, took from it a bottle of "old Scotch." John B. Gough said triumphantly to the heckler, "I submit to you, isn't that nigh on to prohibition?" He told the story so dramatically that he won his audience.

Those days were so near the scene of action in the Civil War that people were inclined, like John J. Ingalls of Kansas, to wave the bloody shirt. Later in the evening, a man in the audience, who was full of bloody shirt ideas, asked Major Singleton how he could justify being a Major in the Southern army. The Major threw back his shoulders, looked a few inches taller and said, "I did what I thought was right when I did it. If we do what we think is right, it is right when we do it, as far as we are concerned." And then went on to say, "I am now a part of the Union fighting a slavery infinitely worse than that abolished by the Civil War."

Miss Willard referred that evening to the coming of the new inventions, and especially to the new use of electricity. The first electric car in the world had just been installed in Elgin, Illinois, and was the talk of the country. She told the story of the Chinaman, whose

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description of the trolley car was, "No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee."

The debates in the literary societies occupied a good deal of our attention. We discussed every conceivable question. I recall a debate on prohibition held in Willard Hall. It was a joint session of Eugensia, one of the girls' societies, and Philomathia, one of the boys' societies. Miss Sanborn led the affirmative, Mr. Ewing led the negative. Miss Sanborn consulted and received assistance from "Saint Courageous," Miss Willard's mother, in preparing her debate.

Mr. Ewing stressed the point that the prohibition plan took from the people the right to be happy and to enjoy the good things of life. He said, in quite a dramatic way, "Your prohibition drink is too thin a drink."

In her rebuttal Miss Sanborn said, "I am sorry to say it, but I think my honorable opponent does not like thin drink." This brought down the house because he was preparing for the ministry. The decision for the affirmative was unanimous. Miss Sanborn always did enter into things whole-heartedly, and I can testify that she generally wins in debate.

Whether among the hills and stones of Ontario or on the prairies of Manitoba or around the campus, I never was too busy to be interested in politics.

Evanston at this time was the hot-bed of prohibition.

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Fisk and Brooks were the candidates for President and Vice President.

My chum, Lew Alabaster, and I were itching for adventure and started out to find it. We got hold of a truckman who had an empty beer keg and some empty beer and whiskey bottles, some rope and some twine. We took him into our confidence and he volunteered to help.

When dark, we drove up under the old oak at the entrance of the University Campus, swung the beer keg from a limb, surrounded it with empty bottles and on either side placed placards, which could be read in all directions, "Hurrah for Fisk and Brooks."

We came early next morning and watched from among the trees for the fun. Dr. Cummings, the president, came early and ordered two things done at once. Take down the placards, keg, and bottles, catch the guilty boys and punish them.

As there was no one in the University at that time who could be suspected of such a misdemeanor, no punishment followed.

I am now making the confession for the first time. My chum, Lew Alabaster, was later a trustee of Northwestern University.

In February of 1886, the labor unions were beginning to struggle for supremacy. The McCormicks, large man-

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ufacturers of machinery in Chicago, refused a demand from their workmen to discharge some non-union men they had taken on. They announced a lock-out and prepared to resume business as soon as possible with a new staff. Two men who were supposed to have anarchistic leanings, Spies and Lingg, with others persuaded the ousted workmen to endeavor to prevent the "scabs" from entering the works on the day of the re-opening which was May 4, 1886. All day the struggle went on, but the police seemed to have things under control. At seven-thirty that evening, a meeting was called in the wide street known as "The Haymarket Square," for the purpose of denouncing the police, but this was a small part of the plan. Speeches were made up to ten o'clock that night. Then, when the police ordered the crowd to disperse peaceably, a voice shouted, "We are peaceable!" This seemed to be a prearranged signal. Scarcely had the words been uttered when a spark flashed through the air and hissed like a miniature skyrocket. It was a bomb that fell amid the ranks of the police. The mob, as no doubt planned, opened fire upon the police who returned the fire. Eight policemen were killed and many others, both policemen and bystanders, were wounded.

Eight anarchists were arrested. Their trial started in July and ended August 10. The verdict was conviction

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of Neebe to imprisonment for fifteen years and all of the others sentenced to be hanged. Lingg committed suicide in prison, the sentence of Schwab and Fielding was commuted by Governor Altgeld to imprisonment for life, and the remaining four were hanged on the eleventh of November, 1887.

Philomathia and Euphronia, two literary societies, decided to hold an open session debate on the subject, "Resolved: That the sentence of the anarchists was both just and expedient." Euphronia took the affirmative side and chose as its leader Billy Levere, known for his wit and oratory. Philomathia chose me as leader of the negative side. When the debate came off, Lingg had committed suicide in prison and four of the others had been hanged. We lost the debate. I am still fully convinced that three of the defendants were out of town when the bomb was thrown and that the hanging was not just, though it might have been expedient.

Billy Levere was one of the most popular Y.M.C.A. workers in France during the World War. His hut was perhaps the best known in the war area. His college fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, has erected a two hundred thousand dollar memorial to him in Evanston.

The value of debating societies impressed me as a very important part of student life. After leaving school, for several years our company gave a twenty-five dollar prize

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to the literary societies for excellence in debate. One year we offered it to the winner of the debate on a social problem. It was won by Shelby M. Harrison, who had much to do with the city planning of greater New York. In 1931, he was elected president of the Russell Sage Foundation.

But the debating societies and literary clubs did not take up all our spare time. We still had time for college escapades and class rivalries, which at times themselves grew quite serious.

Near the campus was a farmer who owned cows and sold milk. He was German and in years gone by war had been declared between him and the students. The war was declared not because he was a German, not because of boundary lines, but wholly and solely because he would turn his cows loose on the athletic field, even though we were on the eve of an important ball game.

One day, we found the baseball diamond in very bad condition when a big game was to be played. The next day our good friend missed two of his best cows and his milk wagon. After a long search which involved much time and some money, he found the two cows in the University Hall cellar and the milk wagon in the cupola of the old college. This drastic measure was effective, and we were not troubled again.

The skill of Billy Sunday climbing a ladder to catch

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a ball, when playing with the White Sox against our team, defeated us in a close game. Later he was a student at Northwestern and trained our boys. The following letter is one received from him January 12, 1932.

Dear friend Graham,
You are correct about the
Ball Game, and about me climbing
the ladder, and catching that fly
ball the building was in left
center and I was playing centerfield
we were in Chapel one day and
some boys over in the Science Bldg
were shooting shot from a sling
shot against the windows and Prof
Trick caught them: and the Faculty
voted to expell them: I interceded
and they were all reprimanded
and allowed to remain they were
Ben Walton- Silas Strawn.
Frank Quinn, Jim Kirk.
Ben Walton owns a private hospital
in Des Moines Ia. Strawn is a
lawyer. Jim Kirk the soap mfg.,
is dead. Quinn lives in Evanston
Wyoming a rich rancher

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I trained Erman J. Ridgeway
and made a great pitcher out
of him. He became Editor
and owner of 'Everybody' and
the 'Discriminator' He lives in
Los Angeles. Thus Barnes who
played right field on the
Varsity is a Judge and
lives in Bend Oregon

Yours Truly

W. A. Dunday

The freshmen were prohibited from carrying canes on the campus or elsewhere while they had the handicap of being freshmen. We challenged the sophomores to a contest called the "cane rush" to decide the question of what we could do about it.

It was arranged that, if the freshman class could hold a selected cane for thirty minutes while the sophomores in a body tried to break it, they should have the right to carry canes during the year, but if the sophomores succeeded during that thirty minutes in reaching the cane

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and breaking it, then the freshmen would meekly surrender the right to carry canes during the whole year.

I was chosen captain of the freshman class. We lined up on the campus before an expectant audience, cheered on by the young ladies of the two classes. The freshmen outnumbered the sophomores so for the contest a sophomore was chosen by each freshman, and the surplus freshmen were to help their friends in case of emergency. We held them the whole thirty minutes and triumphantly carried our canes throughout the year. The victory was celebrated that night by a torchlight procession, bonfire, and general good time.

At the beginning of our sophomore year we were challenged by the incoming freshman class, and I was again chosen to lead our class. The new class did not have the superiority in numbers that we had, and instead of holding us through the thirty minutes, we got the cane and broke it in six minutes, and the freshmen had to go the entire year without any "visible means of support."

My class presented me with a very beautiful gold-headed ebony cane appropriately engraved which I prize highly. This was the last "cane rush" held at Northwestern University.

These seemingly unimportant events I recall much better than my Greek and Latin. The friendships made with the professors and students are among the real assets of a college education.

CHAPTER X

Some Episodes in Salesmanship

THE Central School Supply Company had manufactured a school chart showing the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system. They were in need of a western and southern representative. I was tremendously interested in the new laws which had inspired the making of this chart. Many states were passing laws which required scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. In fact, I had discussed with the company many questions while they were making the chart and had made many suggestions as to how it should be arranged. We entered into a contract. The price of the chart in the middle west and south was \$37.50, in the western states \$52.50.

In Louisiana, an interesting trip from New Orleans to Nacatoche was made. The train was old, the engine was wheezy. On one hillside, we got off, picked some luscious ripe strawberries and took the train as it rounded the hill on the other side. It was a hospitable old town. About daylight the next morning, I heard a knock on my door and a darky waitress asked me if she should

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bring some coffee. I said, "Yes." She brought in a delicious plate of wheat cakes, some ripe strawberries, and a cup of black coffee with sugar, but no cream.

The chart, I was selling, was framed in a wooden case. When showing it, I would spread out the two legs which formed a part of the case and thus made an easel. It began with a front view of a skeleton and the back view of a skeleton and then a view of the different parts of the body, including a picture of a healthy liver and kidneys and the liver and kidneys of the moderate drinker, the confirmed drinker, and the one liable to "delirium tremens." It also showed the internal organs as affected by nicotine. First the organs in a healthy condition and then after the nicotine had been used moderately and to excess. To the average Texas farmer, I would open up the chart to the title page then slowly and solemnly turn to the front view of the skeleton and say, "This is the picture they say looks like me." The old trustee would look the skeleton over, look me over and say, "Begum, I believe they're right." I was lank and lean and wore very few clothes, so the old farmer was impressed with the likeness. My per cent of sales was very high in that state.

One evening, I arrived by train in the town of Vernon in the "Panhandle." As I took the bus, there jumped on the steps a lad who was puffing away at his cigarette.

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I said, "My boy, do you go to school?" He said, "Yes." I told him I was to exhibit a chart at the schoolhouse in the morning showing the evils of cigarette smoking, and I wanted him to see it. He shut one eye and asked, "Mister, do you smoke cigarettes?" I said, "No." He shot back, "Well, I guess I'll smoke, I don't want to look like you." What could I say? However, the boy was in the front seat at school the next morning, the most interested one there.

The Panhandle country was called "No Man's Land." It was formerly a part of the Spanish possession which was a part of the Republic of Mexico and later the Republic of Texas.

This strip lying north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude could not be admitted as part of Texas when it became a state on July 4, 1845, because the Missouri compromise had decreed that territory north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude could not be admitted to the Union as slave holding territory.

It was rightly called "No Man's Land" because for forty-four years after Texas became a state it had no government and was not part of any state or territory. The year after I sold the charts it became a part of the Territory of Oklahoma by act of Congress and later a part of the State of Oklahoma. I wondered what part my "Complete Chart" played in this development.

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The cowboy who had once rounded up the great herds of cattle was fast disappearing, but the pioneer settlers remained. The song which I often heard expressed their faith, courage, and patience.

“Pickin’ up chips to keep from freezin’,
Pickin’ up bones to keep from starvin’,
Pickin’ up courage to keep from leavin’,
Way out West in No Man’s Land.”

From the Panhandle I headed for Athena, Oregon. In the south, I had gone by train or hired a “rig.” I was now to cover a territory where the school trustees must be visited in their homes. Sometimes they lived far apart. I must have a conveyance. A young livery man who had a dandy pony, a good harness, and a two-wheeled cart offered me the outfit for fifty-five dollars. I accepted the offer, but remarked that there was one thing in the way, I had only nine dollars left and must keep at least five dollars of that for expenses. He looked me over with a grin and said, “Well, Graham, you have two things that will stand you in good stead in this country—an honest face and plenty of gall. The outfit is yours. Keep the nine dollars and send me the fifty-five when and as you get it.” I went my way buoyed up by his confidence, had a successful trip and soon paid him in full.

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Selling charts and collecting school warrants abounded in incidents whose relation to the education of children was not apparent.

While traveling over the John Day country, I heard of some schools which seemed good "prospects." The heads of two school boards were brothers, owners of a ranch. It was the time of the annual "round up" when the stockmen brought their horses and cattle together to brand and count. I went to their headquarters on the range.

Owners, bosses, cowboys and I met at the chuck wagon. None of us hesitated at the call of "Come and get it." We talked as we ate, and as we talked we boasted a bit. The boys were curious about the stranger. Was he a tenderfoot? Could they put over anything on him? I have said that we boasted. When they told of their powers as bronco busters or "bull-doggers," I remarked that in my days of homesteading I could ride anything with hide and hair. They laughed incredulously and challenged me to prove it.

A bronco just brought in had already humbled a couple of their best riders. Try him, they suggested. I objected that I was soft, but added that, unless he was too mean, I was willing to throw my leg over him. Then they broke into louder laughs and were not slow to offer the opinion that my experience on my homestead would help me

little in riding that pony. One of them, a college chap, remarked that anything old Xenophon had taught me in the *Anabasis* would be worthless in dealing with that colt. Retreat, I could not. While I saw to it that the girths would admit of no slipping of the saddle and adjusted the stirrups to my long legs, I also noticed that the bit was straight and smooth and would not hurt his mouth. The men had climbed the fence of the corral and when, just as I was about to mount, I ordered the bars let down they shouted in protest. But I insisted that there had been no agreement as to the exact spot of my exhibition. Reluctantly they acquiesced. After all, it did not matter whether I was thrown over the fence out of the corral or over the fence into the corral.

I had driven my pony and cart into that camp over a clay road that for a mile or two was fairly level, and as I put my foot in the stirrup, I headed that bronco down the road. Perhaps he, like the cowboys, was expecting an attempt at bronco busting in the corral and was too much surprised to do anything but go. Speed? Well, he had it to a degree that would have made him a possible winner at Brighton or Saratoga races, and my job was to see that he had no other object in life but to run. Just before we reached the end of the level road, I swung him round in a wide circle, and he tore back with undiminished speed and lathered sides to the corral where,

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with open mouths, sat the witnesses to that John Gilpin ride. As a grand finish, I encouraged the bronco to buck a bit, and he responded, but without enthusiasm. As I dismounted, the cowboys contended that I had tricked both pony and them. They were good sportsmen, however, and admitted that I had made good my boast. I knew that the fact that the aching bones were not broken bones was in all probability due to the trick.

I am not sure that my acceptance of the challenge had not quite as much influence with the school trustees as had my eloquence in explaining the excellence of the chart. I easily secured the signatures to the two orders while their names worked magic with other school boards in that region.

After traveling several weeks with my pony and cart, I became tired of the exposure to wind and storm and hot sun and was ready when I came across a trustee who had a fine team of three year old ponies, double harness, and covered buggy to dicker with him for an exchange of my pony and cart and a school chart for his outfit.

James McConnell, a classmate, had joined me in this work and traveled with me for experience in selling the chart.

This team being young soon began to show the hard work. I came to another trustee of the trading kind who had a five year old team. They were branded, but

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were on the range and had been corralled but a few times. We succeeded in corralling the pair, trading my team for them, and our troubles began.

Nearby was a large freshly plowed field, just the place to break the colts. We hitched one in the wagon with a steady going old mare and for a couple of hours drove them around the field. We then did the same with colt number two. The next morning, we hitched them together and started. Being range horses, their feet were sound and we drove them several hundred miles before putting shoes on. A horse reared in the stable could not have done this.

On our first day, we visited a school board and attempted to show the chart. I placed it on the ground behind the buggy. McConnell stood in front of the horses holding them by the heads. In showing the chart, the leaves flapped in the wind and frightened them. They reared together. McConnell held on, one hand grasping each horse. He went up in the air and came down on his back, and the horses went right over his body.

Fortunately for me the lines were thrown over the dash board, and the rear curtain was up. I was able to jump in, grab the lines and with a sharp, strong pull bring the horses back on their haunches. They never attempted to run away again. McConnell never lost his

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sense of humor or Irish wit. He scrambled to his feet with, "Those horses have no respect for my bread basket."

That night we stopped with a farmer. We stabled the horses on the outside of a barn. I was adjusting the hay in front of one of the horses when he reared and brought his front feet down on my shoulder and chest. I managed to keep my feet and get out of danger. After this day's experience, we had little trouble with the team.

The next night we came to a quaint little home nestled in the side of the mountain. We asked the family, who seemed to be glad to welcome strangers, for lodging. They gave us the house while they slept in the barn. We did not have the house to ourselves. The next morning the man of the house with an amused expression said, "Did you sleep well?" With one accord we said, "Yes." He then confessed that they were anxious to know if it were safe for them to return to the house.

One evening, after traveling all day up the Snake River in Idaho, I came to Shoshone Falls, more interesting in some ways than Niagara Falls. During that drive many times I could not see my horses' ears because of the dust. When I stopped for the night at a little hotel, there were two inches of dust in the buggy. After making a genuine effort to clean up, I started for the dining room. On entering, I caught sight of a Delta Kappa Epsilon pin,

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and with the young man who wore it, a scholarly looking gentleman. I hurried back to my room to wash up a little more, put on my Delta Upsilon pin and spent a pleasant evening and two delightful days with them. The gentleman was a professor of Princeton University who, with his assistant, was studying the relative ages of the erosions of the rocks of the falls. They had spent the previous year in the same way at Niagara Falls.

I found that three trustees of the adjoining district who were possible purchasers were cutting timber in the hills. I drove out and had lunch with them. There were few children in that district, but I argued that they had a right to the best that could be given them in education and explained how small a part of the taxes were paid by the settlers and how large a part was paid by the railroads running through the territory. Two of the trustees were with me and were ready to sign, but the third felt that he was called upon to be a public benefactor by saving expense to the district. I had been talking about my native country, Canada, where they had magnificent timber. This trustee prided himself on being a champion chopper. I suspected how the others felt about his ability. His ax was thick and unfit to do good work, but his neighbor's ax was ground thin and in excellent shape. I took his neighbor's ax and suggested that we settle the question of purchase of this tract by a contest

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between us as to axmanship. If I should butt him on ten feet on this particular log, on which we were sitting, they would buy the chart. If I could not butt him on that log at that distance, I would go my way without an order. The other two trustees were pleased at the idea of the contest. He had looked me over and did not like the idea of being beaten by this young stranger from Canada before his neighbors, so he began to negotiate for the purchase and without making the test finally signed the order. I must explain what "butting" means. When a log is to be cut up in certain lengths, if the man who takes the end next the butt, which is larger, drops his end first, he butts his rival. It takes a much better chopper to do it. I parted from these three men good friends with an order not only for the chart, but for furniture and maps. It was one of the most interesting days of my trip.

At this time, the price of mutton, beef, and horses was high because the demand exceeded the supply. The people generally did not realize that to increase the stock on the range would cut the grass so low that the stock would not keep in condition for the market. Then, too, the cattlemen hated the sheepmen with no ordinary hatred, because they claimed that the sheep contributed to the destruction of the range. They had sharp, keen teeth which cut the grass down near the roots, and after

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them, the cows could find no fodder for weeks. The cattlemen claimed in addition that the sheep were dirty, that the wool was full of grease and dirt and left an odor that the cattle did not like. Personally, I felt that the only reason the cattle would not follow them was that they could not find enough to eat.

The stockmen later learned to raise hay in the valley and to import grain and hay, but an old stockman expressed to me the opinion of the average ranchman, "I never fed my stock grain or hay, and I'll be damned if I ever do."

The winter of '88 found the ranges cut closer than ever, and when the great storm came and covered the range fully one-half of the stock perished. The winter of '89 was almost as severe, and the ranchmen lost half of the stock left. During that trip, I saw the skeletons of hundreds of cattle and sheep and horses that had been lost in the storms of the winter.

The discouraged stockman believed that the depression was permanent and hastened to sell what he had for what he could get. Sheep worth three dollars could be bought for one dollar. It was evident that the range would soon come back, the stock was so reduced. This is always true in every panic.

Leaving this fascinating territory, I went into western

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Oregon and western Washington, covering the Mt. Hood country, where there were hundreds of acres of strawberries.

At that time the salmon industry in the Columbia River had assumed tremendous proportions. The salmon going up the streams to the spawning grounds navigated the rapids and even small falls in a way that seemed impossible. These fish laid their eggs and with their tails covered them over with sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun. I have seen the rear wheel of a fishing boat turn the salmon up by the ton. The people of this part of the country did not realize that they were doing just what the stockmen had done in eastern Oregon and Washington; what stockmen dealing in another kind of stock in Wall Street had done in the period of prosperity. The same result was inevitable. The people along the Columbia River soon realized that the stock of fish was depleted, their business ruined and, as far as fish were concerned, the panic was on. All this waste finally brought about conservation laws.

There was one type in that whole country that interested me more than the rest, the Forty-Niner. He was to be found in California and Oregon and the adjoining states to the east. His was a class, the story of whose deeds has been unsung, and about the record of whose lives, too little has been said. In those early years, when

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the news was spread throughout the East of the rich mines of gold that were being discovered in the West, the people in great numbers went there, some by water around the southern point, some on horseback, some on foot, but mostly in covered wagons. In many cases, the sons and daughters inherited the traits of their parents. I met them everywhere. As a general thing they had accumulated very little. They were always generous to a fault and seemed offended if their generosity was not accepted and appreciated.

I met them in the hills during the summer sometimes carrying a small pack, including blankets and provisions, sometimes on foot, sometimes on a donkey, but always enthusiastic and ready to sit down and tell you about the great prospects that were just ahead. I wish I could write a story that would really perpetuate the memory of these people whose lives were made up of sacrifices, and who believed and acted out their belief that "giving doth not impoverish and withholding doth not enrich."

A certain amount was necessary to stake them during the summer months. Their wants were not many. They needed some meat, sometimes they called it "sowbelly," sometimes bacon. They carried flour and baked their own biscuits or bread. Sometimes the prospectors car-

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ried a gun and occasionally got some fish. In the winter, they would go back home, or to the place they knew best, to work hard all winter to get enough to carry on for another summer which was sure to be the summer that would make them rich. They were filled with "hope that springs eternal in the human breast," but never when deferred seemed to make the heart sick. Sometimes they did strike a prospect that would make them rich. Very often their lack of money to develop the claim made it necessary to dispose of it at a very small sum.

As I sold school supplies, I sometimes found these prospectors members of the school board, and then I was almost sure of one signature to my order. But if I secured as a first signature some man who was known as a conservative business man, the other two would follow. I never tired of listening to their stories of their trekking across the plains from the east and the hardships that they endured.

The following story was told by James McConnell who was working with me then:

"I went on up the valley following Malhuer Creek and came to a ranch where they were thrashing. They had twenty-three men and thrashed at one ranch after another. They call it trading work.

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"I told the owner that I was selling a school chart. He said, 'You can see that I am busy.' 'All right,' I said, 'give me some work to do until noon.' He replied, 'Take this team and haul the wheat into the granary, and I will give you a hearing then.'

"After dinner out by the barn with most of the men around me, I set up the chart. I started to read the title page—"The Teacher's Anatomical Aid, a graphic Illustration of Human Anatomy and Hygiene by means of finely engraved plates and' A long, lanky fellow, a great deal longer and thinner than Jim Graham, strutted up and down saying, 'What have I to do with that?' 'How does it affect me?'

"I was riled up, so turning over quickly to the next page which showed the skeleton I said, 'Lanky, there is your picture.' Those men just howled and there wasn't anything in eastern Oregon that I couldn't have. The verdict was: Lanky's picture should be in every school. Their children and their children's children were to know Lanky, who didn't have a chance to say a word."

The people were studying the irrigation question. Ditches were being constructed which carried water to different owners. Laws were in the making as to the relative rights of the people owning the land along the different ditches. It took many years to get these established. Some precedents were available from Holland and Egypt, but most of the laws had to be worked out by the people themselves.

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One evening I was driving on a dusty road beside an irrigation ditch when I found myself looking down the barrel of a rifle. I was asked to explain who I was, what I was doing, and where I was going. The man said that some of the newcomers in the valley had constructed lateral ditches through their farms and were tapping the main ditch which he had brought down from the hills at his own expense. He and his three brothers were posted along their ditch, each with a rifle.

I soon found that the man with the rifle was one of the school trustees of that district. When he learned that I was more interested in the education of his children than I was in stealing water from his ditch, he put his signature to my contract. He told me that his brother, with the same kind of a rifle, further down the ditch was another trustee. Before sundown, I had met brother and gun and had obtained his signature. I also received an invitation from these men to spend the week-end at their home. They proved a delightful family and not like men who would shoot to kill.

In September, I returned to Chicago and left Mac with the team to finish our work.

A New York corporation had purchased a tract of timber in the foothills of Idaho and had constructed a ditch through the Payette Valley. A few years later graduating from the Kent College of Law in Chicago, I

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thought seriously of practicing law and of organizing a company to buy the timber land, the main ditch through the Payette Valley, and the land under this ditch, all of which I was offered at a remarkably low price and on exceedingly easy terms.

CHAPTER XI

Work in Salt Lake Valley

I DROVE my team of ponies and covered buggy from Oregon to the Great Salt Lake Valley in Utah, selling on the way school charts and supplies.

It was on this trip that I met in Payette Valley, Idaho, a young lawyer, William E. Borah, now our senior senator at Washington, who represented the party from whom I bought some land in Payette Valley. He came across from Boise Valley to close the deal.

The Great Salt Lake Valley, I found to be one of the wonders of the world. Congress from time to time passed laws against polygamy until it was abolished by a revelation and order of the Church in 1890.

The Mormons, or Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as a religious sect was founded by Joseph Smith at Manchester, New York, in 1830. Smith was born at Sharon, Vermont, December 23, 1805, and moved to Manchester, New York, in 1815.

At the age of fifteen, he had visions. On the night of September 21, 1823, three times the angel Moroni appeared to him and told him that the Bible of the Western

Continent, the supplement of the New Testament, was buried near Manchester.

Four years later, in another vision, Smith had delivered to him by an angel a stone box containing a volume six inches thick of thin gold plates, seven by eight inches in size, fastened together with three gold rings. The plates were covered with small writing in the reformed Egyptian Language, and with them a pair of supernatural spectacles of two crystals set in a silver bow and named "Urim and Thummin," with which the mystic writing could be read.

Smith, unable to read and write fluently, dictated from behind a curtain to Oliver Cowdery a translation which, with money furnished by a farmer, Martin Harris, was published in 1830, entitled "The Book of Mormon." The gold plates now suddenly disappeared. "The Book of Mormon" declared Joseph Smith to be God's prophet, endowed with all power, and entitled to all obedience.

Brigham Young was born in 1801, at Whitingham, Vermont. It was said that at his birth the heavens were heard to resound and that at evening time the stars twinkled more irregularly than usual and that God manifested particular interest in this child at his birth.

In 1816, when Brigham Young was fifteen years old, he said that his brother, Lorenzo Dow Young, dreamed a dream: "I thought I stood in an open, clear space of

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ground and saw a fine road leading at an angle of forty-five degrees into the air as far as I could see. I heard a noise like a carriage in rapid motion, at what seemed the upper end of the road. In a moment it came in sight. It was drawn by a pair of beautiful white horses. The carriage and harness appeared brilliant with gold. The horses traveled with the speed of the wind. It was made manifest to me that the Saviour was in the carriage, and that it was driven by His servant. The carriage stopped near me, and the Saviour inquired where my brother Brigham was." Brigham claimed this as the first real indication that he was chosen by God for a special work.

My business at this time was to dispose of charts and supplies to their schools and to engage men to do the same thing. The more we traveled through the Valley the more pleased we were with the people. Their schools were well organized, and their promise to pay was good. They were very hospitable and kindly. In comparing the Mormons with other sects, we were compelled to admit that they were more reliable, more thrifty and lived under better conditions than others in Utah.

There were two names on every Mormon's lips—Joseph Smith, Jr., and Brigham Young.

I had heard of the influx of the Mormons to Utah,

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and the founding of great Salt Lake City in 1847; of the emigration fund that was organized, the missionaries that were sent out, and the settlers that began to pour in from all quarters of the globe, especially from Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, and France; none seemed to come from Ireland.

At a convention held at Salt Lake City in 1849, a state was organized and named "Deseret," meaning the land of the honey bee. A legislature was elected, a constitution framed and sent to Washington. The United States Congress, after much heated discussion, refused to recognize the new state, but President Fillmore organized the Territory of Utah and appointed Brigham Young governor.

During my week in the Valley, I stayed in their homes and discussed their history with the women and men. I got their side of the picture and was much interested in all of it. I studied their creed and the doctrine which had been taught by Joseph Smith, their first prophet, and by Brigham Young, their second prophet. Brigham Young had died in 1877, but as far as these people were concerned, neither Joseph Smith nor Brigham Young was yet dead. They were loyal to the Constitution and to the laws of their country.

The tabernacle was completed in 1870. It was built

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entirely of wood and without the use of nails. The timbers were secured with wooden pegs and binding of cowhide. It is one of the largest auditoriums in Christendom and is a perfect sounding gallery for the beautiful pipe organ.

The cornerstone of the Mormon Temple was laid in 1853, but the building took forty years to complete. This structure is as sacred to the Mormons as was the Temple of Solomon to the ancient Jews. It is the ambition of every Mormon to be married within the Temple. None but members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints have been permitted to pass its holy portals since it was dedicated.

They have a statue known as the "Statue of the Gulls." It was designed by a grandson of Brigham Young to commemorate the most beautiful legend of Utah, the miracle of the sea gulls, sacred bird of Mormon Tradition. The early pioneers had planted their first seed, but the blades were scarcely out of the soil when a plague of locusts descended and began devouring the crops. In answer to prayer, deliverance came. A cloud arose from the islands of Great Salt Lake. The gulls alighted in vast numbers upon the fields and destroyed the locusts, and the crops were saved.

Very suggestive of their view of things were two sym-

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bols chosen to represent the cooperation of the people in making the desert into a garden, and that garden to bloom like a rose. A verse that I saw everywhere was:

“How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.”

The symbols were a bee-hive and an eye. The hive was of plaited straw with a conical top, and the eye was single within a circular ring. The first meant the industry of the busy bee, turning the sweets of the wild flowers and desert plants into commercial value. The “Saints” made values as they toiled on the land allotted to them and irrigated it until it yielded a hundredfold. The second symbol meant that the eye of the Lord was upon them and that they must deal fairly one with the other. This was where their religion stepped in and kept their industry straight. You can imagine the effect of these ideas voiced by the symbols on the front of every store in Mormondom. There were no drones in the hives.

Constantly these people were suggesting that their land resembled the land that the Israelites inhabited round about Jerusalem. Their trials and tribulations when coming from the East to the West were compared with

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that of the Israelites' exodus from Egypt to the Land of Promise. Their Temple was inspired by the Temple built by Solomon, although they claimed that theirs excelled in beauty and glory. They had learned how to irrigate, while the Israelites knew little of irrigation.

These Mormon people reminded me of the Mennonites in Manitoba. Their thought was to keep as close together as possible, and instead of having the solitary farm houses, they lived in villages and went back and forth to their farms. Their religious life was kept better in hand. Their water supply was in better control. They had a mayor and a small council. Each little incorporated village touched the border of the one on either side.

Their religion and government had benefitted by the coming of Christ whose spirit was injected into their religion and commercial life. They used this with much profit in their general business.

Brigham Young was a genius in organization and in other ways. In the museum of Salt Lake City there is a crude speedometer which he used in his travels. They told me that in the olden times he would disappear for days and weeks. After his return, in his Sunday sermons he would outline through a map the plan for villages, towns, irrigation ditches, and factories, all of which had come to him in his sleeping hours, which invariably were eventually worked out.

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These people did carry out the idea of the old prophet who said "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

It was a real triumph for Utah when it was admitted as a state in 1896.

CHAPTER XII

Kentucky and West Virginia. Hatfield and McCoy Feud

IN 1892 while in Kentucky and West Virginia, I was impressed with the recent discovery of coal fields, and the opportunity to buy land underlaid with coal at two dollars and a half an acre.

This was in the land of the Hatfields and McCoys. One day I came to the home of "Devil Anse Hatfield." He was at the head of the Hatfield clan and lived in Logan County, West Virginia. I stayed over with him and learned a great deal about the feud which had existed between his family and the McCoy family just across the Little Tug River in Pike County, Kentucky.

These families had been friendly for many years. They had fought on the same side in the Civil War. During the four years of that war, there had been real excitement. After that, however, their lives were drab and uninteresting until 1880, when the drabness and lack of interest left them with a suddenness and violence that aroused the community.

Devil Anse was a character. His son used to say that

he had "six feet of solid flesh and one hundred and eighty pounds of hell."

Nothing in the history of any private family in the United States was more thrilling than that of these two families. As I learned it from the McCoys and the Hatfields, the story was that in 1880 Hog Floyd Hatfield stole two hogs from Randolph McCoy, the chief of the McCoy clan. He had taken these hogs, which were long-nosed, razor-backed fellows, across the Little Tug River into the territory of the Hatfields and from that instant, as they put it, "a whopper fray was on."

The McCoys demanded their hogs back and threatened to spill some of the best Hatfield blood unless they were brought back forthwith. Devil Anse swore that his brother had done the right thing and that there was nothing wrong in stealing a hog or two from such worthless people as the McCoys. The case was taken into court. Great crowds from both the clans were there. The judge was Deacon Ellison Hatfield and, although the McCoy crowd seemed to have more armed witnesses, the decision was in favor of the Hatfields. Nothing happened immediately, but during the next two years several men on each side were shot.

Later, however, something occurred which stirred things to their depth. Young Jonse Hatfield, the eldest son of Devil Anse, induced the youngest daughter of

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the leader of the McCoy clan to come with him to Logan County, West Virginia, where they established a love nest. It was nearly a year before the McCoy clan learned the exact situation and gathered a group of armed men to capture the girl and take her home. But the girl had become herself, as old Devil Anse said, "A real Hatfield." She learned of the plan of the McCoy troupe and notified old Captain Anse.

When the McCoy's got there, the Hatfields were ready for them, and instead of capturing the girl, they were involved in a fight, and two able-bodied men on either side were killed. The next day it was a tense moment as the two funerals passed each other on their way to the cemeteries.

A short time later Ellison Hatfield, the judge who had tried the hog question and ruled in favor of the Hatfields, and one other Hatfield were seized and murdered. Extradition papers were gotten out for the murderers and, as the three men were being taken to jail, Captain Anse, with a group of his clan, seized and tied them to trees in Logan County, West Virginia, and threatened to put them to death. He asked the men if they had any prayers to say—(the whole crowd on both sides of the river were still exhibiting the effects of a religious revival). They began to pray, and the old captain became uneasy. He said afterward that he was

afraid lest their eleventh hour prayers should take them to Heaven, and he would have to meet them there. So he shot every one of them. The coroner's jury gave the verdict that the deceased came to death at the hands of persons unknown. It was said in court that Captain Anse stood in Pike County, Kentucky, while he fired the shots at the men in Logan County, West Virginia. Probably on this ground the verdict was rendered.

In '87, a state officer, by the name of Phillips, lured by the rewards placed on the heads of the Hatfield family by the Kentucky State Government, staged a campaign against them. Notice was given of the raid and nothing came of it except a few wounded men. In the following year, the wife and daughter of the leader of the McCoy clan were shot and killed in their own home by the Hatfield crowd. After this, the Kentucky and West Virginia people became very much alarmed. Kentucky passed a law which made it a felony to point a gun, loaded or unloaded, at another person.

Alfred McCoy, soon after the passage of this law, brought lasting disgrace upon his family by being the first of either family to be hanged. Before dying he became converted, forgave his enemies and died praying that they would all repent and be saved.

I left the old Captain with a very much better opinion of him than I had before. He was kindly and courteous,

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talked a good deal about his sins, but even in his prayers he was inclined to thank the Lord that he had been helped divinely, "to knock blazes out of his enemies." At least that was the spirit of it.

The introduction of capital in large amounts from the North to develop the great stretches of timber and coal lands owned by the Hatfields and McCoys, changed the face of things. Hundreds of other Hatfields and McCoys were the miners and laborers.

There came dissatisfaction as to the wages. The union got busy, labor became united, and the men demanded higher wages. The employers refused the advance, the union called a strike, and the men made up mostly of Hatfields and McCoys and their friends, did strike and claimed from the governors of their different states protection in their constitutional rights, and the fight was on. For days and weeks, the men who had been trained during the feud of the last few decades, used their guns in probably the most desperate struggle of employee and employer ever witnessed. Hatfields and McCoys united as employers against Hatfields and McCoys as employees.

Finally, Governor Morgan of West Virginia telegraphed President Harding for help. In August, 1921, President Harding issued a proclamation ordering the insurrectionists to lay down their arms, threatening martial law if his orders were disobeyed. The mountaineers

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rebelled at the interference of the Federal Government. President Harding's proclamation was printed and spread over the country by an aeroplane. One afternoon, shortly after this, trains arrived in Logan County bearing several hundred soldiers from Camp Knox, Kentucky. The mountaineers laid down their arms and the last vestige of the Hatfield-McCoy feud passed out in a blaze of an industrial war.

In 1912, Dr. H. D. Hatfield was nominated for governor of West Virginia on the Republican ticket and was supported by both families. In 1921, a Hatfield was nominated for senator. He received a telegram from a prominent McCoy which read something like this, "I, a McCoy, am delighted to hear of your nomination and will work for your election." This telegram was doubly important because neither family had been able to secure insurance. The ban was now removed, and a Hatfield secured fifty thousand dollars life insurance.

Captain Anse retired to his mountain home and, in a Baltimore Hospital in August, 1930, the last of the feudalists died peacefully. He had found more pleasure at home with his wife and daughter and grandchildren than in carrying a rifle. "I am a man of peace," he said, "I have only one machine gun and a half a dozen rifles now. My fighting days are over."

The children commemorated the love they bore their

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father, Devil Anse, by ordering from Italy a life-sized statue of the old mountaineer made of the finest Carrara marble which is placed on the top of a high hill along the main road so that all who pass through Logan County to the Tug River may see the fearless chieftain towering above the wilderness which he ruled.

I made many acquaintances during that time among the newcomers as well as among the Hatfields, McCoys, Stetsons, and Llewelyns, and later when the great Bryan Democratic Convention came to Chicago in 1896, some of these men were delegates and got for me tickets to the great convention held in the Coliseum on the south side in Chicago.

It has always been a marvel to me that the people of the world would not learn that demoralizing and destructive things in life come from feuds, hatreds, disputes, and quarrels; and that constructive things in life the world over come from cooperation, love and helpfulness. Even these people, who had been so prone to fight, destroy, and murder, came to realize that the force that would bring the world into line was the Sermon on the Mount. I fondly dreamed that this view was becoming general, when, all at once in 1914, there burst forth the great World War which showed that the spirit of the Hatfields and the McCoys was not dead.

While working in Clay County, my headquarters were

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at Manchester, the county seat. I remained longer than necessary to hear the trial of a feud between two families, which was then going on in the Court House. These country districts had the most far-reaching cases, the most level-headed judges and some of the best trained lawyers. They were not specialists, but took cases as they came, and generally arose to the occasion.

One day, during the noon intermission of Court, I was sitting on the front porch of the little country hotel listening to the Judge and a group of lawyers telling yarns.

The Judge suddenly stopped as he saw a man coming up the lane from the road. As he climbed the steps of the hotel, the Judge stepped forward, grasped his hand and said, "You do not likely remember me, but the last time I saw you, you took me prisoner and put me and my men in that old building across the road and kept us there several days. I was dressed in blue, and you were dressed in gray." Again they were facing each other in an important case, one as judge, the other as lawyer. What a good time they had telling yarns of the Civil War.

My work around Manchester was that of collecting school warrants which had been accepted in payment for goods sold to the schools.

Sometimes it was necessary for me to give the collections personal attention, and this meant that I must visit

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trustees in their home districts. I was compelled to make a journey of sixty miles over the hills on horseback. No horse was available so I took a mule. I crossed several streams during the day. One was running so high the mule had to swim. I perched myself on my knees in the saddle, and we crossed in safety. As we climbed the last hill before reaching the town, the mule lay down in the road. We had been traveling from before sun up and now the sun was setting, and we had covered nearly sixty miles. I fed him well that night and sent him back parcel post. By this I mean the postman took him back. If the postman were not traveling the whole distance, he would transfer him to another postman.

This was in the midst of the moonshine country in pre-prohibition time. You can imagine what was going on along my route. Late that night, "wet as a rat," I approached a roadhouse. As I entered, three men went hurriedly out of the door into the kitchen. A woman approached me in rather an excited manner and asked who I was, where I was going and if I had anything to identify myself. I did not need to be told that in that mountain country, when one was suspected of being a revenue officer, he was often shot first and the investigation made afterward. Several letters from my firm were sufficient to satisfy the men and we spent a pleasant evening together for they were big-hearted fellows and ready

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to help when they learned that I was interested in their schools.

There was a bitter discontent against the tax on the liquor which they manufactured. I studied the spirit which they showed and the "why" of their hatred of the revenue officer. Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, defined excise as "A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." In 1659, when the town of Edinburgh placed an additional impost on ale, the Covenantor Nivoll proclaimed it an act so impious that immediately "God frae the heavens declared his anger by sending thunder and unheard tempests and storms." And the poet Burns wrote poetry denouncing it.

In the north of Ireland they had had these same troubles. The people, then imported by James the First to take the place of native Hibernians whom he had dispossessed from the three northern counties, known as Scotch-Irish, made their own whiskey and fought any interference. The descendants of these people came to Pennsylvania and joined with the Pennsylvania Dutch to fight what they called "The oppression of the Law of 1791." This law was supported by Hamilton and Washington and bitterly opposed by Jefferson.

There were no roads. A horse would carry to market

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sixteen gallons of liquor which represented eight bushels of grain in weight and bulk and double that amount in value. The people argued that the farmer who did not turn his grain into whiskey had no tax. Many states passed laws against this Federal tax. Although the law of 1791 imposed a tax of only from nine to eleven cents per proof gallon, in 1794 a regular rebellion was on the hands of the government. The Governor of Pennsylvania would not interfere to help Washington to quell the rebellion. Gradually it was put down, but as Jefferson stated, "It left a bad taste in the mouths of the people." Jefferson himself came to the Presidency six years later and had the excise law repealed. Then people made whiskey at will. No excise tax was imposed on it. Whiskey could be bought at twenty-four cents a gallon.

When the Civil War came and the necessity of providing for the great cost of it, direct taxes were levied on many articles. In 1862, a direct tax of twenty cents a gallon on whiskey was levied. Early in 1864, it rose to sixty cents a gallon. In the latter part of 1864, the tax leaped to a dollar and a half a gallon and the next year to twelve dollars. The result of such a tax was fraud and corruption. The Congress of 1868 cut the tax ninety cents, which made a temptation altogether too great for human nature as employed in manufacturing and selling

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whiskey, and from that time on one grim affair after another happened in these mountain states.

These moonshiners were not called moonshiners in that country but "Blockaders."

During my work among these people of the mountains, I was surprised to find the young men and young women so virile, sturdy, and intelligent, and I believed we had in these people real Americans who would add greatly to the strength and courage of our race. They were hungry for knowledge. Berea College at Berea, Kentucky, was attracting many of them, but there was room for a hundred Berea Colleges. John G. Freer, a preacher, in 1853 founded an anti-slavery Union Church at Berea. In 1855 Berea College was founded and Freer was made the President. The College was suspended during the War, but in 1865, it was again opened, and two bright young colored men were admitted and the darkies and the whites were educated together until in 1904 the state prohibited the joint education of the races, and the Lincoln Institute was established to take care of the colored students.

Berea College was fortunate in securing, while land was cheap, one hundred and forty acres for a campus, five hundred and forty-four acres for a farm, and fifty-six hundred acres for forest preserve.

When I was there, William Goodell Frost, a wonder-

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ful organizer and teacher, was President. In 1920 William J. Hutchins was elected President. He has made Berea College known the world over. His son, one of the leading educators of today, when elected president of the University of Chicago was the youngest university president in the United States.

CHAPTER XIII

Chicago World's Fair of '93

My work during the summer vacations brought me in touch with teachers and schools so that I drifted into the school supply business after leaving college. When I returned to Chicago from the West, the Caxton Company, publishers of text books and charts, offered me an interest in the business and the Presidency of the company.

There were on the market at that time a number of charts. One covered several subjects, which gave me the idea of publishing "A Complete Chart" of everything taught in the public schools. I felt that I had gained knowledge in the West to embody in such a chart which would make it better and more thorough than anything yet published.

Their proposition was accepted and I devoted myself unremittingly for weeks and months to the compiling of the new and complete chart. While selling this chart in the West, I would say very solemnly, "This chart, they say, is like the Chicago girl's foot. It covers the whole ground."

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We also made a Canadian chart adding Canadian history and maps of the provinces of Canada. On the title page we used the Canadian flag on which the maple leaf was prominent. Mr. Hughes, superintendent of the Toronto schools, gave us his approval. We opened an office in the Canadian Life Building, Toronto. A niece of mine, who is teaching in British Columbia now, writes me that she is still using one of those charts.

Chicago at this time was full of "growing pains." Everyone seemed to be affected by them. Congress and the people everywhere through the United States were talking about a World's Fair to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

New York, Washington, and St. Louis entered the race for the coming fair, but Chicago believed that it was her opportunity and went out for it with vigor. George Bancroft, president of the Historical Society, in 1886 called a meeting in Washington, D. C., and advocated that a fair be held in Chicago in 1892.

In 1889 the City Council of Chicago instructed their Mayor, DeWitt C. Crugier, to appoint a committee of one hundred to go to Washington. On August 15 of the same year, the Secretary of State at Springfield, Illinois, granted a license to a group, including the Mayor, to open books for a World's Fair Corporation. On De-

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ember 19, Senator Cullom introduced a bill in the Senate on behalf of Chicago. The following January the House passed the bill giving the Fair to Chicago and a little later postponed the Fair until 1893. Within one month after the Fair was granted to Chicago, she had raised, in good subscriptions, five million dollars to push the enterprise.

On April 4, 1890, Lyman J. Gage was made President of the corporation. He was backed by as fine a group of men as any city at any time could produce, among them Marshall Field, H. N. Higinbotham, John V. Farwell, the Armours, Swifts, and many others. One was impressed with the enthusiasm of these men. No personal sacrifice seemed too great for any of the sponsors to make.

Congress had appointed what they called "The World's Columbian Commission," who turned things over to local men.

Frederick Law Olmstead was appointed consulting architect. His job was chiefly landscape work. Burnham and Root were the chief engineers, assisted by A. Gottlieb. In October Mr. Burnham was appointed chief of construction.

On November 20, 1890, the consulting board was asked to have ready in twenty-four hours plans for buildings based on a list of exhibits already received. The site

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selected, Jackson Park of six hundred and twenty acres and Midway Plaisance of fifty-six acres, was covered with sand dunes, scrub oak, ponds, and bogs. In the appointed time, the committee handed in a rough plan on brown paper in the handwriting of Mr. Root. This document gave a plan of the lagoon, the waterway, the buildings, and even the lighting. The architects remarked when handing this in that the architects of the Paris Exposition had taken one year to get to the same point. The Board of Directors adopted the rough plan, and the National Commission adopted it a few days later. Orders were given at once for the execution of the design, a tremendous undertaking. From that moment, time was the essence of everything.

Mr. Burnham presented a memorial to the committee suggesting four plans and asking that one be selected.

1. The selection of one man to whom the designing of the whole work should be intrusted.
2. Competition to be made free to the whole architectural profession.
3. Competition among a select few.
4. Direct selection by the committee.

The committee adopted the fourth plan and immediately Burnham chose Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post of Boston, McKinn, Meade and White of New York, Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City. Murmurings

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came from Chicago that it was not represented. Burnham then added S. S. Beeman, Henry Ives Cobb, W. L. B. Jenny, Alder and Sullivan, Burling and Whitehouse of Chicago. All accepted and promptly met in Chicago. While the meeting was in session, Mr. Root died of pneumonia. It was a great shock to everyone. He had wielded a powerful influence and was much beloved.

Special work was given to each firm. Later other firms were added. The selection inspired world confidence. The architects spent a few days together and in one month met again with completed plans. They were making history, and all seemed to realize it. The twenty-fourth of February, 1891, was spent in adopting plans. Each plan was enthusiastically cheered by every other group. At sundown, the last one was accepted. The President with emotion said, "You are dreaming, gentlemen. May your visions only come true."

What a beginning! What a group! What an enterprise!

This Fair, the first World's in America, was made the yardstick of all future fairs. Not by reason of its wealth or influence, but because the Fields, the Farwells, the Armours, the Swifts, the Higinbothams, the Burnhams, the Roots, and others so full of the well-known Chicago Civic pride took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves and made Jackson Park a place where every nook

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and cranny breathed the word "welcome." No other body of leaders ever put so much of themselves and their substance into such an enterprise.

The Board elected William T. Baker to succeed Lyman J. Gage as president. During his term of office wonderful progress was made.

On August 18, 1892, President Baker resigned and Vice President Harlow N. Higinbotham was elected president. The choice of Mr. Higinbotham, partner of Marshall Field, who had been devoted to the World's Fair idea for years, was most fortunate. His ability to bring things to pass was almost uncanny. He was a genius for making crooked things straight and smoothing out rough places. I came to know him intimately. He was guardian of the Alabaster family through his friendship for Dr. Alabaster, his former pastor. J. Lewis Alabaster, the son, was my dearest friend, a classmate and my roommate, and through him Mr. Higinbotham accepted the Presidency of The Caxton Company. Mr. Alabaster became treasurer, and I became vice president and secretary. Our conferences with him in his palatial home on Michigan Avenue were an inspiration.

He was called to handle the World's Fair during one of the greatest depressions our country has ever experienced. At times it seemed as if the tide of adversity was overwhelming. On the sixth of May, the bank repre-

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senting the Columbian Exposition, with a branch on the grounds, closed its doors and spread consternation among the concessionnaires. A reporter interviewed Mr. Higinbothan in his office on the Fair Grounds. The chief question the reporter propounded was, "Do you propose to take any steps toward helping the concessionnaires and others in their great loss?" In his characteristic way he answered, "Watch me take them now," as he strode off to his waiting carriage. Before the opening of the bank the next morning, he had secured enough funds to pay out in full the depositors connected with the Fair.

The Chicago World's Fair, on the shores of Lake Michigan, was the greatest gathering of the people of all nations, all races, and all tongues to exhibit the triumphs of centuries in art, science, music, literature, agriculture, and industry that had ever been witnessed. The American people from the north, south, east, and west for the first time met in one place here to vie with each other and the world in their state houses and exhibits. On Chicago Day there were nearly a million paid admissions.

The Midway Plaisance was an oriental world. In the "Streets of Cairo" one might see a dignified member of the British Parliament riding on a camel poking fun at a dyed-in-the-wool Kansas populist, riding on another camel. Or at four o'clock in the afternoon, one might

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see a real Egyptian wedding procession. There were exhibits typical of France, Germany, England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Switzerland, Russia, China—every nation. The three perfect Japanese houses of exquisite workmanship in the wooded island with its rare woods and beautiful birds, and Hawaii with its enchanting music where Queen Liliuokalani received delegates of all nations added to the strangeness and the charm.

Perhaps the most popular was the Fine Arts Building which has been retained by the City of Chicago. The collection of Corots was especially fine, also, the Inness collection. The Field Museum in Chicago has perhaps the largest single collection of Inness paintings. The picture which attracted more attention than any other, especially among the old men and women who stood and gazed at it with tears in their eyes, was "Breaking Home Ties" by the Englishman, Firth. It showed a young boy of about seventeen standing awkwardly in the middle of an old-fashioned sitting room while his mother was about to kiss him goodbye before he went out into the wide world. There were several members of the family in the picture, including the dog and, through the open door at the back, one could see the father about to take the luggage to the wagon waiting to carry the young adventurer to the railroad station. One old man remarked, "That's what I call a picture!"

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One of the pleasantest memories of the Fair, after a bewildering, weary day of sightseeing, was a moonlight ride on the lagoon in a gondola manned by real gondoliers and the sound of the music interrupted only by the splash of the oars.

The Fair corporation had printed by the American Bank Note Company a set of special day tickets. They were beautifully done, and it seemed to The Caxton Company that they would be in great demand by the general public as souvenirs of the Fair. We suggested to Mr. Higinbotham that these might be purchased from the World's Fair Corporation, which would help their finances and make a good profit for us. After some negotiations, Mr. Higinbotham gave me a check for ten thousand dollars to purchase the tickets, and we began a vigorous campaign to sell them. We had men and boys in the streets everywhere and had a little more than our original cost back when a catastrophe came. One Monday morning, a boy came rushing into the office announcing that Siegel and Cooper had a set in every window of their store marked fifty cents each. We had refused to sell to Siegel and Cooper fearing just what did happen. They had been retailing at one dollar per set. Their value as souvenirs from that time was gone, and we probably lost the extra ten thousand dollars.

Perhaps nothing during the summer of '93 was more

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impressive than the ten different congresses held at the Fair. They were the Congress of Representative Women, of Evolution, of Medicine and Surgery, of Temperance, of Art, of Philosophy, of Commerce and Finance, of Literature, of Education, and the Parliament of Religions which overshadowed them all. For seventeen days, the religious leaders of the world met in a great conference which was the crowning event of the World's Congresses of 1893. One speaker said that he had come nine thousand miles only that he might attend this Congress. Another said that he had come thirteen thousand miles that he might have a part in it. Reverend John Barrows presided over this assembly of Protestants, Catholics (Greek and Roman), Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Parsees, Confucianists, Brahmans, all of the faiths which have dominated the destinies of the human family through the ages.

It is now my privilege, forty-five years later, to be a member of an advisory committee of the New York World's Fair in 1939, which under the leadership of its efficient, untiring President, Grover Whalen, promises to be the greatest exhibition ever staged, covering an area on Flushing Bay of about twelve hundred acres of World exhibits, nearly twice the size of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

CHAPTER XIV

Politics—Bourke Cochran's great speech, 1892
William Jennings Bryan's greater speech, 1896

I NEVER held a political office and do not know what I would have done with one if it had been brought to me on a silver platter, but I was always deeply interested in political questions. When a boy in Canada, I was a devout Liberal. Sometimes the Liberals were called "Grits." I read the *Toronto Globe* and the *London Advertiser*, and I swore by anything that was said by Alexander Mackenzie or Blake or any of the Liberal leaders. I opposed anything advocated by Sir John A. MacDonald or his followers. Later, I had a large picture of Sir John A. MacDonald in my home; I had come to believe that he was a great leader though a Tory.

As a boy, I read the history of the United States and became familiar with the political situation from the time of Washington through the Civil War to 1884, when the "Plumed Knight," James G. Blaine, was nominated by the Republicans and defeated by the young Democratic Governor of New York, formerly Mayor of Buffalo, Grover Cleveland. It was a bitter fight. The

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young Governor was charged with many things that were afterward proved to be fiction.

Mr. Blaine was defeated, so many thought, because he was said to have originated the expression, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It was an exciting election and the Canadian papers did full justice to it. I was living in Manitoba at the time and read all about it.

When the election of 1888 came, I was hard at work in Northwestern University, but still watching the political situation. Grover Cleveland had just finished a four year term, during which many important questions had come before him for decision. He had made many warm friends, but had raised up a powerful opposition. He had brought to the front the civil service reform and had denounced many of those who had used their offices for political purposes. This opposition was powerful because it was interested in the dollar which it would lose as well as the loss of patronage.

President Cleveland had also opposed the free coinage of silver. He advocated the suspension of the Bland Silver Act which provided for the free coinage of a certain amount of silver.

In a letter known as the "Ellery Anderson Letter," written by Grover Cleveland on February 10, 1891, he used these words: "The dangerous and reckless experiment of unlimited and independent silver coinage," and

this expressed the ideas that he had held even in '88 when there was a surplus in the Treasury which was causing government officials real worry. His efforts to reduce this surplus and his wide vetoing of pension bills aroused opposition and did real effective work against him.

The pension list twenty-five years after the War was largely artificial and in the hands of a majority party was a menace. Cleveland stood solidly against its use for political purposes, but I presume the thing that did most to decide the election against Cleveland was his stand on the tariff question. He very thoroughly covered this subject in his last message to Congress and advocated, in no uncertain way, the reduction of tariff and the reduction of taxes generally.

At the opening of their convention, the Republicans seemed determined to nominate their old idol, the "Plumed Knight," Blaine, who had been defeated four years before.

During this convention, a young man who had been a major in the Civil War showed up on the horizon. Perhaps he knew the tariff question better than anyone else, William McKinley of Ohio. He was a candidate, but he felt that time was not of the essence in his case, and, when a cablegram came from Scotland from Blaine saying "Take Harrison," McKinley withdrew in favor of Harrison.

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Harrison was an orator. After his nomination, I heard him make a great speech in Denver on the tariff and honesty in government. Mr. Harrison was said to be able to control ten thousand people by a speech but, if taken separately, each one would become his enemy.

The following four years were a prosperous four years for the country. The Silver Act, which more than doubled the purchase of silver, was passed. The Sherman Law on trusts was passed. In 1890, prices were too high; in 1893, prices were too low.

During this administration Senator Quay of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Republican National Committee, was said to have used these words: "Fry the fat out of the protected industries, and I will shake the plum tree." I speak of these things to show something of what led up to the great convention of 1892.

The Democratic Convention was held in the old Wigwam, in downtown Chicago. At the evening session, Lew Alabaster and I went early in order to get good seats, and we did get excellent ones. The old Wigwam was a rattle-trap and leaked like a sieve. During the early evening a storm of unusual force broke over the city, thunder and lightning accompanied the downpour, sometimes almost drowning the voices of the speakers.

The man who on the surface of things seemed to be busiest was Henry W. Watterson, editor of the Courier

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Journal from Kentucky. He was here, there, and everywhere, apparently was consulted by all the leaders. The man who seemed to be talked of for vice president most widely was Horace Boies of Iowa. The man who attracted the attention of my chum and myself most was a delegate from Kentucky who, at every opportunity that presented itself, shouted with a voice, the loudest, the most penetrating that I have ever heard, "Hurrah for Joe Blackburn."

The delegates from New York had called a Rump Convention at which they chose David Bennett Hill as candidate for President. It became quite apparent early in the evening, however, that the people at large were for the return of Grover Cleveland who had been President from '84 to '88 and that David Bennett Hill would not, in the final vote, appear in the picture. Under the brilliant leadership of William C. Whitney, who had done some wonderful work as Secretary of the Navy during the Cleveland administration, the lines had been carefully laid in all parts of the United States for the nomination of Grover Cleveland at this Convention.

Toward midnight the rain came down in torrents, and we tried to protect ourselves by putting newspapers, which were around in abundance, over our heads, but as they became watersoaked, we—and I mean by "we"

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apparently everybody—rolled the wet paper into wads and pasted everyone in sight.

It was just after midnight when the cry arose for a roll call, but the New York regulars did not want it. They wanted a speech made by their great orator, Bourke Cochran, who was called for, demurred, said he did not want to talk, but yielded. A hush fell upon the crowd, even the storm seemed hushed. He then started in a low but clear voice which was heard in the remotest limits of the eager crowd, and he soon had the audience completely under his control, although the majority of them were not sympathetic. When he closed at nearly two o'clock in the morning, there seemed to me to be a spell over the convention, and some feared that Hill, who was Cochran's patron saint, would be nominated, but the roll call was demanded and Alabama came first. They announced for Cleveland the state's full number of votes. The spell was broken, and Cleveland was nominated with a rush and hurrah not often paralleled in conventions. The record was six hundred sixteen and one-third votes. Oratory had not registered. It was already daylight when my partner and I went out and had coffee and rolls and read what the papers said about the doings of this most wonderful night.

This proved a spectacular election. The song most used in rallies was:

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"Grover, Grover, four more years of Grover,
Out they go, in we go, then we'll be in clover."

There is no doubt in my mind but that this election was very greatly influenced by the action of the New York delegates. They acted so arbitrarily and pressed their case so hard under the leadership of Bourke Cochran that William C. Whitney was able not only to secure the nomination for his friend, but to convince the average man on the street that Cleveland should be elected.

The political pot was now boiling and every day was threatening to boil over. Cleveland, in the White House, was doing things that turned from him the support of many classes of people. His idea of civil service reform was not popular with those who had to toe the mark before they got their jobs. His stand on the monometalism was an abomination to the great body of free silver men now being spurred on by Bland, the Democratic free silver advocate of Missouri, and Senator Teller, the Republican free silver leader of Colorado. His administration used its power for the gold standard to enable the gold sentiment to control the National Convention in 1896. Bonds had been repeatedly sold to uphold that standard.

Cleveland was confronted with the Venezuela trouble. He sent a message to Congress announcing that Great

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Britain had rejected all our appeals for arbitration from the Venezuela difficulty and suggested that we decide the question and then enforce our decision in order to protect the Monroe Doctrine. His stand eventually brought Great Britain and the United States closer together, but temporarily it did not make friends for Cleveland.

Times were hard—desperately hard. One would not dare to offer a dollar in cash in almost any line for ten dollars' worth of goods unless he were ready to part with his dollar and take the goods. The United States had passed into the acute stage of after-panic depression. There was a belief in the minds of a great many sensible people that the financial solvency of the United States Government could no longer be maintained. Gold was exported in wholly unprecedented quantities and there seemed no help in sight. Finally the New York Sub-Treasury notified Washington at the close of January, 1895, that it could continue the redemption of the United States currency in gold only one day more. The situation called for heroic treatment. It needed some action that would restore confidence, especially, to the bankers. The people generally felt that the United States would come to the front and make good.

President Cleveland had been working on this ques-

tion for some time and on this day he proclaimed to the world that a powerful international banking syndicate had come to the front and through him announced a plan to arrest the export of gold. No one claimed that this touched the root of the trouble. They realized that it was a temporary stop-gap, but it achieved three purposes. Its psychological effect put an end to the thought of hopeless panic. It gave time to apply more corrective measures which were applied at a moment when they were supposed to be impossible. The Government's shaken credit was rehabilitated.

During the balance of the year 1895, the black cloud of discouragement that had enveloped trade and industry was dispelled. What had seemed a hopeless condition in the producing and distributing markets soon appeared to be only loss of confidence, and the restoration of confidence changed the situation. This was clearly a turn in the road, although it took the balance of the year 1895 and 1896 to make sure that the upward movement was permanent.

The great Debs' railroad strike was on in Chicago. I have seen hundreds of railroad cars ablaze at one time on the south side, the work of sympathizers of labor. The conditions were indescribable. Cleveland called out the

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troops, suppressed the riots and kept the trains moving.

In order to show what the situation was at that time as expressed by the best thinkers and leaders of thought, I quote from a speech by Governor McKinley of Ohio made before the Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, New York, early in February:

“What a spectacle to behold! A government, which, in thirty-three years, has passed through the mightiest war in human history, which created a debt to save the Union that seemed most appalling at the time which, since that time, has paid off more than two-thirds of that great debt; and which, in the three years preceding 1893, paid off nearly \$300,000,000 of it from the income of the treasury and its surplus, which from 1865 has enjoyed a financial credit without parallel in the world’s history, today is without sufficient money from its own receipts to pay the ordinary expenses, and with a credit, upon the highest authority of the highest officers of the government, is threatened with impairment. We cannot longer close our eyes to the situation which affects every home and hearthstone and the government itself. We cannot afford to quarrel over the past; nor is it profitable to indulge in inquiries as to where the responsibility of the condition rests. It is enough for us to know it is here and upon us. Whatever differences we may have had, we must all agree now that the situation is one that requires the highest sagacity in statesmanship, and the broadest patriotism in citizenship. Let us, first of all, keep without stain and above suspicion the credit of our country, which is too sacred ever to be neglected.”

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You can imagine the atmosphere when we came to the Republican and Democratic Conventions of 1896. It was a foregone conclusion that the handsome, virile leader from Ohio, William McKinley, champion of high tariff, would be the presidential candidate on the Republican ticket at the St. Louis Convention.

What shall I say of the Democratic Convention held in the old Coliseum on the southside of Chicago, which it was my privilege to attend as the guest of the Kentucky delegates. The Convention was called to order at noon, July 7, by William F. Harrity, chairman of the National Committee. After the usual formalities, the Committee announced that Senator David Bennett Hill of New York had been selected as temporary chairman. The silver men, being in a majority, objected to a gold standard man, even though so eminent as the senior member from New York. They chose instead Senator John W. Daniels of Virginia. This action was not according to precedent, but this convention was establishing precedents. The convention was not far advanced when it became evident that the money question was paramount. The gold delegation from Nebraska and Michigan were unseated and silver delegations, led by William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, took their places.

All through the convention this sentence was being

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used, "We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal rate of sixteen to one without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." The last few words were especially emphasized and reiterated.

Senator Ben R. Tillman opened the discussion for the free silver men, followed by Senator Jones of Arkansas. Senator Hill opened for the gold standard, followed by Senator Vilas of Wisconsin and ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts. The discussion was closed by William Jennings Bryan. The next morning the Times Herald of Chicago had the following extract:

"The 'Silver Knight of the West,' William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska set the convention on fire with his speech which was followed by a demonstration which never will be forgotten by the sixteen thousand persons who witnessed it and participated therein.

"Up to this time the convention had not been dull for want of effective oratory. The tearful and pleading Fellows of New York, the fiery and impulsive Blackburn of Kentucky, the forceful and aggressive Altgeld of Illinois, and such famous orators as Hill, Russell, Waller, and White had scored their triumphs and added new leaves to their laurel wreaths, but when compared to the impassioned oratory of the 'Black Eagle of Nebraska' newly named the 'Silver Knight of the West,' the efforts were tame.

"In one term he set a new mark for congressional eloquence.

"Yesterday he set another new mark. Senator Hill was given

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a storm of applause before he spoke, Bryan a cyclone of enthusiasm when he had concluded.

"The first sentence of his speech was, 'I would be presumptuous, indeed, to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened if this was a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error.'

"He closed with these words: 'You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.'"

The wild enthusiasm of the majority of the delegates and alternates may well be explained by the statement that this young man who had come to the convention with the intention of nominating Bland had, in the choice phrases, given voice to beliefs which were their own or which soon became their own as they fell under the spell of his persuasive oratory. But the excitement of the public, that larger group filling the remainder of that great auditorium, required the additional explanation that of all the speeches that had been delivered on that eventful day, Bryan's was the only one that had reached their ears. When the young orator, whose glorious voice charmed even when it did not convince, poured forth these words that all heard distinctly, this part of the vast audience also joined in the mad cheering. Perhaps no speaker at any time ever received such a dem-

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onstration as was given Mr. Bryan at the conclusion of this memorable speech, as they took him on their shoulders and carried him around the building.

When the nominations were made at the Republican and Democratic Conventions, a clear and distinct line was drawn between the policies of the two parties.

It is a strange phenomenon that Bryan had with him the enthusiasm of the great mass of the people, he had a popular platform which afterward was adopted by the people of both parties almost to the syllable, he was popular, a great campaigner and it was quite likely that, had he a less able opponent than William McKinley, he would have been elected in '96. He was later defeated again when the same conditions existed, but there had been added to the McKinley force the powerful influence of the rising young Governor of New York, Theodore Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XV

Honeymoon Trip, Riding Over Prairies in Oklahoma

AFTER leaving Northwestern University to enter business, I took the night law course, but with no thought of practicing law, and was admitted to the bar in Illinois. I thought of this rather as a relaxation than as a job. I was President of the Alumni Association for several years and established a 100 per cent record as a lawyer by taking only one case—that for a friend—and winning it by default.

Though busy with my various interests, I was always camping on the trail of Miss Sanborn. She had graduated at the American Conservatory of Music, taught piano under Dean Lutkin at Northwestern University School of Music, and was then studying in Germany. One Saturday morning a cablegram came in German from Berlin in answer to a letter. Not being a German student, I supposed that it must be translated through a code which was probably in general use, but when I started out to have my cablegram interpreted, I found no code and no one who understood it. After I was quite discouraged, I went to my bank where I met a

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young German. He laughed heartily and said, "Your cablegram being interpreted might mean 'All serene,' 'Honkey Dory,' 'You bet your life,' 'Sure Mike,' or almost anything along that line." It was a great relief to me, but a great source of fun to the young fellows who found out what I had been searching for all that Saturday morning.

In reply to this cablegram, I sent another suggesting that I meet her in London and we have our honeymoon on the British Isles. She vetoed this and instead we had it a few months later riding over the prairies of Oklahoma Territory, with a fine team of horses and good country roads.

The story of this territory, once the home of the buffalo and the happy-hunting ground of the Indian, was romantic, tragic, and most interesting. The Indian with his bow and arrow killed the buffalo for meat, and the skins were used for clothing and tents.

Then the white man came with his gun and ammunition and at first killed them for sport, but when he discovered the skins were valuable for leather, they were killed by millions until they became almost extinct. William Cody received the nickname of "Buffalo Bill." It is said that he shot as many as one hundred and fifty in one day.

The fearless Coronado came all the way from Mexico

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to Indian Territory in 1551, a wonderful feat in itself. He claimed the land for Spain. De Soto about the same time came directly from Spain, but perished while exploring one of the upper rivers. These two claimed all territory west of the Mississippi for Spain. Years later, France and England came on the scene. In 1682, La Salle, a Frenchman, embarked in small boats with fifty-four others on what proved to be a branch of the Mississippi. They worked their way down to the mouth of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico and claimed for France all the territory through which they had come. England had at one time claimed everything from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

After the Revolution, the United States took over all the English claims. In 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte was at war with England and needed money to fight. He offered our Minister, Livingstone, and the diplomat, Monroe, France's claim, which included Oklahoma, for \$15,000,000. This was accepted with such haste that they almost spoiled the deal, but it was closed, and the Louisiana Purchase was a matter of history. Napoleon did not realize and Thomas Jefferson did not realize that such a vast rich territory had changed hands at about two cents an acre.

Oklahoma was known as the "Cowboy State" because it had been used as grazing land for the Texas rangers

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and as the nearest railway for Texas was Kansas City, the cowboys had to take all cattle across this territory for shipment.

In 1889, Congress purchased from the Indians a strip of the Indian Territory known as "Oklahoma," and the Government opened it up to homesteaders. At twelve o'clock noon, April 22, 1889, people on foot, horseback, in covered wagons, and other ways were waiting for the signal which was followed by an unprecedented rush. The Government had made no surveys, required no registration, the land went to the first to drive a stake. Great confusion was the result.

When I homesteaded in Manitoba years before, the Canadian Government had every section of one mile square staked out, showing the boundaries of each quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres. The homesteader simply went to the land office and filed his application. He was given a choice of land then open.

After the opening of the Cherokee Oklahoma strip for which the Government had paid \$8,500,000 to the Indians, The Caxton Company and several other companies sold school supplies and had taken school warrants in payment for the goods. Our honeymoon mission was to collect these warrants.

The country was sparsely settled and many of the newcomers were living in sod houses and were having a des-

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perate struggle, although many of them had come from good homes in the North. One of the newcomers, who was showing her family album to my wife while I was out seeing some school trustees, asked her how long she had been married. She replied, "This is our anniversary. We were married one week ago today."

Oklahoma had suffered drought for three years. The people were disheartened and discouraged.

The following year we decided to take a year's rest in that favored state of California, the land of luxury. On our way we again visited Oklahoma. Rains had come, and we found the people happy, full of hope and joy. Our headquarters while in Oklahoma was Kingfisher, later found to be underlaid with some of the richest oil fields of the country. How little we or they realized what a rich heritage they had in this land only a few years before the home of the buffalo.

We thought of California as a new country, but evidences were everywhere that, long before the discoveries on the eastern coast, they were doing important things on the western coast.

Nearly two hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, Sir Francis Drake held Church of England Service on that shore after sailing in the "Golden Hind" from the South. This was in 1579.

Forty years before this, Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer,

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had been there which was a half century before Massachusetts was discovered.

Perhaps there is no other state in the Union with such a diversity of scenery, of climate, and of wealth production from the fields, the forests, and the mines. One may snow ball on the mountains in the morning, pick oranges in the afternoon, and have a shore dinner at the beach in the evening. The Japanese Current so modifies the climate that the orange groves of Shasta County of the north vie with the orange groves of Riverside County of the south.

The great valleys of the center of the State are surrounded on the west by the beautiful coast range and on the east by the Sierra Range with its snow capped Mount Shasta standing as a beacon to the surrounding country. These valleys are watered from the north by the Sacramento River, from the south by the San Joaquin.

Sir Francis Drake did not realize that he was in the Eldorado of the world when resting with his men in California. His dream was to complete his circumnavigation of the globe, which he soon proceeded to do capturing many treasure laden Spanish galleons on his way.

California was named by the Spanish explorer, Cortez.

The Missions of California interest everybody. One might imagine one was in old Mexico while visiting

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them. One of the most imposing of the Franciscan Missions was San Juan Capistrana.

Everyone should visit California before going to heaven for it is impossible to give an idea of the beauty of the Poppy fields, wild flowers as well as cultivated flowers, or the beauty of the Pepper trees, the stately Eucalyptus or the big Red Wood.

During this summer while on a boat trip from Astoria, Oregon, to San Francisco, we were met in San Francisco Harbor by small boats bringing newspapers, telling us about Admiral Dewey, the so-called "Dude and Dandy," who entered with his fleet into Manila Harbor and through one great circular sweep on May 1 had captured and destroyed all the "Fighting Navy" that Spain had so boasted about in the Orient.

It was a great day and a great night for San Francisco and for every village and town of the nation. In a moment, Dewey had become one of the great naval heroes of the world. Great credit for this success was given to Theodore Roosevelt, who had at the right time been Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and to William McKinley our quiet, efficient and lovable President.

While in Los Angeles, I became interested in a trolley line between Los Angeles and Pasadena which called for franchises from the County of Los Angeles, Town of Los Angeles, Town of Pasadena and South Pasadena as

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well as other concessions from individuals. All of these were secured except the franchise from South Pasadena, which failure blocked the enterprise. Hollis P. Huntington, however, took the matter up and afterward built the road. On a later trip to California, my wife and I rode over it from Los Angeles to Pasadena.

CHAPTER XVI

Publishing Experience

AFTER our never-to-be-forgotten sojourn in California, we returned to Chicago to enter the educational field again.

We purchased an interest in Powers, Higley, and Lewis, who manufactured and sold by subscription the Chatauqua drawing board, writing desk, and the Royal Scroll, a study of the Bible, illustrated by copies of famous paintings.

Mr. Listin L. Lewis, now a prominent New York lawyer, retired from the firm to take his course in law at Harvard University.

It was decided that our New York office at Albany needed promotion. That gave me my first opportunity to go to Albany, one of the most historic and interesting cities of the United States. It appealed to me.

Theodore Roosevelt, the new Governor, was attracting attention throughout the country. I had read Chauncey Depew's famous speech in nominating Roosevelt for governor in which he said, "Give him a chance and he leads to victory."

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The day after our arrival in Albany we attended a dinner given in honor of "Boss" Barnes, at which Governor Roosevelt was the speaker.

To me Theodore Roosevelt was an ideal leader and an inspiration, who would be appreciated by the populace and must be reckoned with by the bosses.

We found Albany a delightful place to live, but not a thriving business center. So, after six months, we decided to move our eastern office to New York City.

Almost immediately after coming to New York I accepted an offer for my interest in this Company. It seemed to me that the high tide of the subscription business was passed, and low tide was approaching.

We again returned to our homeland, Chicago, with added experience and a six weeks old boy in our arms.

For some time I had been negotiating and now purchased an interest in W. H. Wheeler & Company of Chicago, who published text books and specialized in a set of readers. I believed it was the best set of readers on the market. The primer had twice the sale of any other primer published at that time.

Mr. Wheeler, the author, was a cultured gentleman and an idealist, as shown by the books and our beautiful office in the Fine Arts Building on the Lake front.

I also purchased an interest in a bird and nature magazine published by A. C. Mumford & Company. The

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pictures were done under a four-color process, which had not been much in use at that time. These were sold in leaflets to schools in the United States and Canada. We also sold a beautiful set of nine volumes made from "Bird and Nature" magazines.

My association in this field was most pleasant, but there was a call, not back to the prairies of Manitoba, but on to New York real estate. While in New York, I had met W. N. Ridge of the New York Mutual Savings and Loan Association, who gave me a very interesting picture of the real estate situation in and around the great Metropolis. After I had again located in Chicago, he wrote me several letters and finally came on with a definite proposition for me to go into the real estate business with the New York Mutual Savings and Loan Association.

After much deliberation, we changed the plan of our life, leaving Chicago and Evanston, which meant so much to us, to begin life anew in the greatest city of the world.



Mrs. Graham, Ben and Katherine

CHAPTER XVII

Third Great Adventure, Moving to New York to Enter Real Estate

ON my way to New York I had the time and inclination to take stock of what I had done and what I had accomplished and had failed to accomplish so far in life. What had been my experience that would lead me at my age with a devoted wife and two children to enter a new business in a new section of the country removed by miles from my accustomed field and far removed from the experience of my early life?

I had studied the course of events and especially the relation of these events to the value of real estate to which I was turning. I reasoned that there was no line on which I could more definitely figure than real estate, and that every inch of the territory I covered in the West paid tribute to this city on the Hudson River, and New York was becoming the center of finance and the center in many ways for the whole world. Why should I not identify myself with this interesting spot and especially with the Borough of Brooklyn, lying between the great

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city and the great ocean, between Wall Street and Coney Island, the playground of the world?

I belonged to a long-lived family and, according to the law of averages, had possibly only passed half of my life. My philosophizing was done aloud, and my wife agreed with most of it. So, when we reached Grand Central Station, we were in a state of mind that helped us to meet the situation.

We enjoyed exploring our new territory together. While peering in the window of William Wise & Son, then on Flatbush Avenue, a short time before Christmas, we were captured by a beautiful enameled etching in brass which pictured an old man and woman on either side of the fireplace in deep meditation. Over the fireplace was beautifully engraved, "East or West, Home Is Best." On Christmas morning as we opened our packages, we noticed two boxes just alike and addressed Jennie S. Graham and James S. Graham. Jennie opened hers first and there was the picture. I opened the other box and there was the picture. We looked at each other in amazement. My wife had gone back after our discovery and bought the treasure for me. Later I went back to buy it for her. It was gone. My disappointment was so great that William Wise & Son got in touch with the artist who promised to have another made for Christ-

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mas, and so we not only had one but two. Our motto has ever been "East or West, Home Is Best."

We studied the great territory lying south of Manhattan, the territory of Brooklyn made up of the Heights, and the Bedford section, Williamsburg, and Greenpoint at a northern boundary and the great playground, Coney Island, at the south, with Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach to the east of Coney Island, Seagate, Bensonhurst, Bath Beach, and Bay Ridge to the west.

I had read a great deal about all these places, but never thought I should find lying in their midst, readily accessible to all of them, farm land which could be bought almost as cheaply as corn land in Illinois and lots being developed which could be bought almost as cheaply as lots in the small villages in the Middle West.

One Saturday afternoon, we investigated the territory each way from Kings Highway and East Sixteenth Street. I remember particularly two hundred lots for sale nearby in a comparatively populous neighborhood, good transportation to the city and the beach, with a five-cent fare. These lots, each twenty by one hundred feet, facing on a good street, on easy terms of payment, were offered at two hundred dollars per lot. Very close to this spot years afterward, the Kings Highway Savings Bank, of which I am a trustee, purchased three twenty-

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foot lots for sixty thousand dollars to help out the new bank site.

This period of study was worthwhile in my after-work. We did not have the automobile to cover ground, but had to be satisfied with horse and buggy, the trains, and trolley lines.

I was getting my bearings in the real estate field and getting acquainted with some of the best men of Brooklyn and Long Island. This was in addition to my work with the New York Mutual Savings and Loan Association. We formed a realty organization called "The New York Mutual Real Estate Company."

The first deal that we made was the purchase of sixty small houses and some extra adjoining lots. We worked together with vigor, and before we were through all of these houses were sold.

In addition to this, The New York Mutual Real Estate Company purchased a farm near Bergen Beach, known as "The Buffett Farm," of thirty-three acres. We divided this into nearly five hundred twenty-foot lots. The sale of this farm in lots was interesting. I did a great deal of the work myself. As I took the prospective customers to our Manhattan office, on the trolley line through Flatbush and directly through the property, I used to picture what this territory so close to the great city and so close to the ocean would eventually become.

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My pictures were vivid and, after I made the sales, I sometimes wondered whether they were more attractive and enticing than would come later, but they did not approach what has really happened on Flatbush Avenue and the other avenues through which we traveled.

Recently, I made some appraisals in the Buffett Farm property, and it was a joy to me to see how my visions have materialized.

We also bought eighty-three acres in eastern Flatbush, which we called "Ocean Breeze," and divided it into several hundred lots.

The most interesting and valuable return in business is the discovery of real people and friends.

One day, a distinguished looking draftsman with sideburns came to my home and wanted me to sell him some of these lots on Brooklyn Avenue. I sold him a plot of sixty feet frontage with a big oak tree thrown in for which he paid me one hundred and fifty dollars down on the purchase price. A few days later he returned wanting to get the one hundred and fifty dollars back and borrow an additional one hundred and fifty dollars to build a house. He had a wife, seven children, and a salary of seventeen dollars per week. He was going to build the house "after hours." I was impressed with his earnestness and his sideburns, and we made the deal.

The youngest child was one year old. We watched

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all of these children go through Erasmus Hall High School.

Mr. Howard Wheeler, for that was his name, had become interested in boat building and spoke to me about some property which I owned on Coney Island Creek suitable for his purpose. To think was to act with him, and one day I was surprised to find that Mr. Wheeler and his three sons had established "The Wheeler Shipyard Company" on my land on Coney Island Creek, where today they are making prize winning pleasure yachts and for years have been one of the largest exhibitors at the annual show at Grand Central Palace.

In speaking of the marvelous success of this family, it would be amiss not to mention Mrs. Wheeler who made the success possible.

Long Island interested me and we made many trips through the Island, going as far as Montauk Point. The southern and central parts of the Island and especially the central were to quite an extent a barren waste, but it all had a delightful climate, and I was impressed with the idea that this great City would some day need this territory as a home section.

The north shore of the Island did not have such a climate, but had a better soil and a great number of wealthy families. Dean Alvord, a man who made a beautiful development in Brooklyn, known as "Prospect

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Park South," had assembled a plot of nine hundred acres at Wading River. The section had no frontage on the Sound, but was nicely located and with fairly good soil—when I say good soil, I do not use as a yardstick the land in Manitoba with several feet of rich soil, but I compare it with the land in other parts of Long Island where a farmer would have to put in most of what he took out.

My father-in-law, who had come to Flatbush to live with us, joined me, and we bought this nine hundred acres at Wading River from Mr. Alvord for twenty dollars an acre. The depression of 1907 came and made purchasers leery of all this kind of property, but finally we did sell it at a profit.

While we owned this land, an effort was made by the Vanderbilt interests to build a speedway from Brooklyn to Montauk Point which would pass through our Wading River property. I gave them a deed to the right-of-way with the understanding that certain improvements should be made and certain concessions made me. Failure to do this within a definite period called for the return of the land. The company succeeding only in financing and constructing the speedway as far as Lake Ronkonkoma promptly returned the title to my land.

Being accustomed to dealing with large tracts of land in the great Northwest, this purchase seemed a natural

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thing for me to make. Several small farms around Farmingdale and Amityville were purchased.

The Dawson Farm of fifty-eight acres north of Jamaica was another purchase. The speculative spirit was running high at this time, and I was able to make sale of this farm and arranged to have title given to my purchaser instead of having title pass through me.

I bought nearly one thousand lots at Dyker Beach from the Dyker Beach Land and Improvement Company through the law firm of Wingate and Cullen. The senior member of this firm was General Wingate, so well known in Brooklyn, and one of the junior members was Judge George Wingate, as well known. Most of this property was twenty feet below grade. I became anxious from the time of the purchase to have this land filled and did what I could to induce the City and private citizens to use it as a dumping ground for cinders and dirt excavated for new buildings.

I had been taught, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Time justified my faith. Today, part of it is covered with homes and apartment houses and the balance was taken by the City for a park.

Later I bought, from the Harway Improvement Company, a tract of low meadow land on Coney Island Creek, which was being filled by ashes gathered by the City

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from the homes of Brooklyn. The development of this ash heap was of more than ordinary interest. The piece was divided into about four hundred city lots, city streets were cut through, and some improvements made. Through this property today is being built a circumferential highway encircling the City.

CHAPTER XVIII

Our Homes

FOR two years our home in Brooklyn was an apartment, Prospect Park West, and Prospect Park was the playground of our children, where they fed the sheep, the pigeons, and the squirrels, and as five o'clock approached, they hid in the bushes waiting for their daddy to find them when he would return from the office.

Prospect Park is full of happy memories of those days. Especially do we remember a ride through the park in our old steamer automobile, with hard tires, made for two. We were going along beautifully when the engine stopped. Not being a mechanic we waited, patiently, until a milk wagon came along, then we rode home in state, towed by the milk wagon. Those were the days when the boys shouted, "Get a horse, get a horse."

We were looking for a permanent home where we could have a playground of our own. Flatbush was just being developed. It had good transportation, fine homes, and congenial people. We purchased a home on Dorchester Road.



Beverly Road Home

OUR HOMES

It was in our new home that the New York Northwestern University Alumni Club was organized in 1903. Dean Holgate, acting President of the University was the guest of honor. A few weeks later at our first banquet, March 11, 1904, Rev. Stephen J. Herben was elected President, Mrs. Erman J. Ridgeway, Vice President, Frank Reynold, Treasurer, and A. J. Elliot, Secretary. An enthusiastic group kept the ball rolling a few years. Today, due largely to the impetus given by the University's great President, Dr. Walter Dill Scott, the New York Club has about 1200 registered Northwestern men and women. Once a Northwesterner, always a Northwesterner.

Eight months later, we bought the old Wells home, corner of East Seventeenth Street and Beverly Road, remembered by many for the beautiful hydrangea walk from the gate to the house. This was purchased as a speculation, but, because of the beautiful garden, we moved there one week later.

The garden was set out by an Englishman who knew the rotation of flowers, so, from the early crocuses and forsythia in the spring, we had an abundance of flowers until frost came. There was a long grape arbor from the house to the barn, apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, and cherry trees. For several years, Plymouth Church

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was decorated on Henry Ward Beecher's Day with flowers from our hydrangea walk.

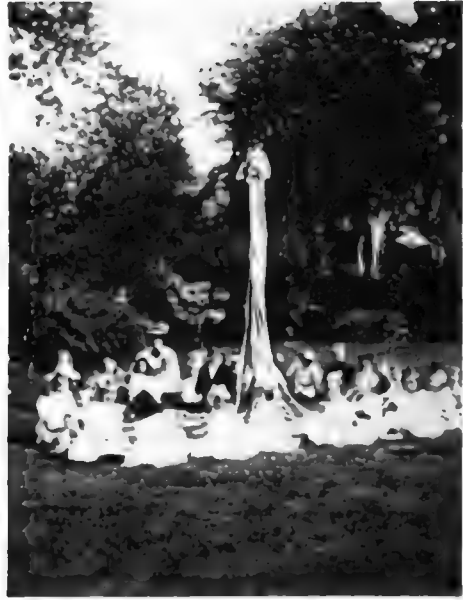
Our children and our neighbors' children had many happy years in this garden where everything was tried from an Indian camp in the back yard to football and Maypole parties on the front lawn.

Early one morning, the family started in a new Buick car for a trip through New England. It was in the days of tire punctures and, fortunately or unfortunately, about dusk the first evening in the Berkshire country we had that experience. We had "to get out and get under." A friendly farmer suggested that we stop overnight at a farm nearby, where they took boarders.

The house was full so we occupied one of the tents in the orchard. We remained three weeks, purchased the place and never did continue our auto trip through New England.

At last I was "back to the farm." The house was an old, red brick Colonial set at the foot of the hills, which were covered with an underbrush of mountain laurel all in bloom, a glorious sight, and the trout brook with its water fall of seventy-five feet and numerous pools added to the charm.

The next spring, we proceeded to renovate the house. The third floor or attic had been a store room for several



Maypole Parties

Playing Indian

Playing Dolls

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generations. There was a weaving loom, spinning wheels, cards for carding wool, beautiful old andirons and fenders, for the fireplaces on the main floor were closed. There was a Paul Revere lantern, candle moulds and candle snuffers, interesting old satchels, trunks filled with bonnets and hats galore. These were used in tableaux in our home entertainments.

We put in six dormer windows. We studied dormer windows in every house from Salisbury to Pittsfield. The architect's wife, who with her husband spent the summer with us, even wrote poetry about it:

"G. stands for Graham in this case Jennie Gray;
If you talk about dormer windows, she is simply carried away.
She gazes up and gazes down from every point of view,
And to the men upon the roof she will say—
Yes, that will do."

We rebuilt the three fireplaces on the first floor from the foundations, and from a New York hotel which was being demolished, we secured three Colonial mantle pieces with large square plate glass mirrors above. Then from the white marble quarries in Canaan, we had cut the hearth and other parts for the fireplaces. We did the measuring and all went together perfectly.

Our stone fences were another problem, but the three Russian peasants who lived on the place were experts at

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that work, and when I could give up farming for a bit, Mrs. Graham had them building stone fences. Often you might hear her hum while she watched the fences grow, "The hours I spent with thee dear heart, Are as a string of pearls to me."

Our men piped the water from our "Ponce de Leon" spring to the house, garden, and barn. The next summer my brother-in-law, George Harris and wife of Chicago, arrived one evening and insisted we must have a swimming pool. At five o'clock the next morning he, with the men and horses, was at work excavating in our vegetable garden. How we did eat corn, peas, and beans to save them. He could remain but two weeks, and said he must have a swim before he left, which he did. There was sufficient water from the spring, after furnishing the house, barn, and garden, to have a fountain twenty feet high playing all the time and the brook from the spring running at the back of the house through the "lower garden" was not disturbed.

Deer were very plentiful and friendly. They visited our young peach orchard one night and nibbled the bark off of every tree. They were thorough in their work. Five young deer under an apple tree not far from the house watched us quite contentedly one evening before running into the woods. The woodchuck, however, gave the most sport as there were no game hunting laws



Our Berkshire Home

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for them, and farming from New York at a range of one hundred and twenty-five miles ceased to be a sport.

Our summers in the Berkshires were all we could desire, and the autumn coloring in the Berkshires was indescribably beautiful.

CHAPTER XIX

Staten Island

GEORGE WILLIAMS CURTIS said of Staten Island, "God might have made a more beautiful spot but he never did."

On a well prepared map I saw the advantage this Borough of Richmond had in relation to the great population and wealth of the other boroughs of New York City. Some time was spent in studying its resources and possibilities.

Liston L. Lewis, whom I have mentioned before in connection with the publishing business in Chicago, suggested that we join hands in some real estate deals which I should select. We handled a few in the Borough of Queens, but more in Staten Island. My experience taught me that to foresee the future was the one great essential to success in real estate.

The opinions of the Rapid Transit Commission and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and sometimes their whims, decided as to whether one's judgment was good or bad. The old Brooklyn Bridge started that part of Long Island, known as Brooklyn, on its way to

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increased population and wealth. The territory known as Brooklyn Heights, Bay Ridge, Coney Island, Flatbush, and the Bedford section had increased tremendously, when along came the Manhattan Bridge, the Williamsburg Bridge, the Queensboro Bridge (first known as the Blackwells Island Bridge), bringing great increase of population to the Borough of Queens and the balance of Long Island. Why should not Staten Island, located at the entrance of New York Harbor with miles of ocean front and magnificent beaches, in the near future have something better than ferry service. A great subway system was being planned for Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island. The Dual System, including the Fourth Avenue subway through Bay Ridge, was built. Before this system was completed there was added to it a cut-off at 65th Street, providing for a line connecting it with St. George, Staten Island. Later shafts were sunk and land was purchased by the City on Staten Island to provide terminals for a freight and passenger tunnel—which was the hobby of Mayor Hylan.

Unfortunately, there was a political row and this plan was not carried out. Staten Island was the victim, but Greater New York lost the increased assessed valuation which would have come.

Almost ten years before, McAdoo had built a system

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of tunnels between New York and New Jersey which had enabled that state to increase its population by leaps and bounds, which gives one a faint idea of what Staten Island would have become had the political row not occurred.

My study of the Borough of Richmond led me perhaps to give undue importance to its location, so close to the fast growing population of New Jersey, Manhattan, and Brooklyn; to the great extent of its miles of waterfront, including sandy beaches not excelled anywhere, and to the beauty of its hills. It has on Dongan Hills the highest point of land on the Atlantic Coast between Florida and Maine with a wonderful view of the harbor.

After making as complete a study as it seemed necessary, I started in to test the matter out. I bought at auction seventeen and a half acres in a section known as "Brighton Heights" in the neighborhood of Silver Lake.

Another purchase was thirty-three acres at South Beach, which was divided into lots and sold to Italians. This purchase did not include any waterfront, but it did start me thinking about waterfront property, which afterwards formed a great part of my interest and life work.

The south point of the Island with its interesting history did not seem to be named properly. Mr. Fred Cousins and I were chosen to go to Washington to induce

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the "powers that be" to change the name from Tottenville to Bentley Manor. Our hopes were high when we approached the Secretary of State, Elihu Root. I was the spokesman and laid the case before him. He took the matter very solemnly, told us what would be necessary to bring about the results we were after, but did not give us any great encouragement.

However, he told us to go and see President Taft, saying that it was possible the President would be enthusiastic about the matter. Over to the White House we went. We sent in word to the President that we should like to see him on a very important matter. He came out into the big room with a big broad smile and a cheery welcome. I again was the spokesman, and wound up by saying that we had seen Mr. Root, his Secretary of State. "And what did Root say?" said the President, not losing a bit of his smile. "Well," I said, "the Secretary of State was not especially encouraging, but still he wanted to leave it to you, Mr. President." The President came out with a big laugh and said, "Root climbed up on the fence, did he?" I said I was afraid that he did. "Well," he said, "boys, I think I will climb up on the fence with Root." I never knew that anybody could have his hopes dashed in such a delightful way.

Another spot that attracted my attention was Port Richmond. I bought there a goodly part of a block from

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the Xiques Estate, and I made an interesting acquaintance with the editor and owner of the Christian Herald who had been befriended by Xiques years before and who now was executor of the estate. Later, I sold this property to a firm by the name of Conness and Edwards who were operating some shows at other points on the Island. They were planning to build a fine theater on this property in Port Richmond. They persuaded me that a show that they were preparing to produce at Stapleton in which the character of Abraham Lincoln was quite prominent, could be helped very much by my taking the part of Lincoln. As I had been in the last years of college called "Abe," I was quite puffed up with the suggestion. It was perhaps fortunate for me that Conness and Edwards failed before I was given my first try-out behind the footlights.

South Shore waterfront now captured my imagination, so in 1911 I purchased what was known as "Poppy Joe Island." It had twenty-eight hundred feet of sandy beach, a little cedar grove and a few dozen cheap bungalows and tents occupied by summer residents. This I purchased from the Barnes heirs, made up of three daughters of George Barnes who had been a member of a prominent family in that community, who then owned Woodland Beach, separated from this property



Graham Beach



Woodland Beach

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by Midland Beach, the amusement beach of the Island. The youngest of these heirs was seventy.

The following year, I bought from them their old homestead which I opened up in a development known as "Woodland Terrace," consisting of about seventy-three acres lying between Hylan Boulevard and Woodland Beach. Woodland Beach had twenty-five acres and nine hundred feet of waterfront which I purchased the following year, and took title in 1915.

In a certain old book that is generally considered pretty good authority on dreams and visions, there is a statement that "Your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." I have stood on the shore front and looked across to the Coney Island playground.

I have watched the great steamers in the Ambrose Channel going to and fro between Europe and our great City with a free port at its entrance.

I visualized the boardwalk skirting this shore and realized the tremendous recreational asset this South Shore of Staten Island will sometime be to the millions of people in New York, New Jersey and other states.

In 1917, I sold the beach known as Poppy Joe Island to George Grundy in order to go ahead with my other developments, but the visions remained, and in 1924 I joined hands with L. Roy Slater from California, a brother of Howard Slater, who had been associated with

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me in real estate for several years, and bought it back with an additional one hundred and fifty acres in the rear. George Grundy, who had bought the shore front from me, had started a development and had established the name Graham Beach.

This repurchase of Graham Beach included large tracts of meadow land. New Creek running through empties into the ocean and at high tide would overflow.

For weeks and months we studied the problem how to fill or dry this land. We studied the question of cutting canals through and using the dirt to fill the land, but found that this plan had not generally worked out well. We finally decided on a flood gate which, strengthened by the dykes we built, was a success.

In the meantime a fire had swept Midland Beach and destroyed most of the large buildings. The Hinchliffe family negotiated with me and I made this purchase. Midland Beach with Woodland Beach, Graham Beach, and the frontage I had purchased in South Beach, became known as "The Graham Beaches."

New York City has not realized the potential value that lies in her sandy beaches in the Borough of Richmond within easy reach of her great population, and how anxious the people living in the congested areas are for this recreation and rest when they are provided with means of transportation at a reasonable price. With a



Midland Beach Fire



New Administration Building and Garden

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bridge over the Narrows between the two natural abutments at Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island would have one of the most beautiful and popular drives in the world. She would then come into her own and be a real part of New York City.

In 1929 Midland Beach, the amusement park, was in her new summer dress with the keys in two thousand bath houses ready for the opening, when another fire came, sweeping about three acres of buildings.

The opening of the season was almost upon us. What should we do? Clean away the debris, make things as attractive as we could with what we had, or should we proceed at once to rebuild?

Before many hours, the decision was made to do something worthwhile. We employed Norman Alexander and his architect, Edward Schoeppe, of Philadelphia, well known in amusement park work. Contracts were let for a beautiful building with administration wing, modern bathing houses and provisions for many concessions.

The fire occurred May 5. The cornerstone of the new building was laid by Borough President Lynch of the Borough of Richmond, June 29. The bath houses were ready for use in August.

The new arrangement provided for the intensive use of the pool, swimming classes were conducted, and ex-

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hibitions were given in the flood-lighted pool that summer. Calisthenics were another feature under the direction of Herbert Dean of Central Branch Y. M. C. A.

William M. Young, the manager, developed a screen whereby talking, moving pictures could be given out of doors. For this, The National Association of Amusement Parks at its annual convention in Chicago awarded him the silver cup as contributing the outstanding feature that year for Amusement Parks.

It was very fortunate for the enterprise at this time that I had with me for the preceding two years Mr. Young, a student of Cornell University and a graduate of Columbia University, who happened to be my son-in-law, and whose ability to do things in a constructive way, was enhanced by having a wife whose ability along these lines was remarkable; also the co-operation of my son who, although in the insurance business in which he had already made a very real place for himself, had been a constant student and great help in the beach business. But above all, I was fortunate in having by my side my wife who at all times was the guiding and balancing force that stabilized the work generally.



Beach Activities

CHAPTER XX

Y. M. C. A. Work. Mexican Trip

ABOUT thirty years ago I was elected to the Board of Management of the Central Branch Y. M. C. A. located in a building then at Bond and Fulton Streets, which opened in 1886 and was one of the finest of its kind in the world at that time, the gift of Frederick Marquand.

As the work expanded, larger quarters were needed. Charles W. Dietrich was secretary at this important time, and fortunately there was behind him a group of real enterprising men, urging the importance of a new Y. M. C. A. building worthy of the Association. Through the generous gift of five hundred thousand dollars by Mrs. Van Renaseler Smith in memory of her son, Clarence E. Smith, and many other generous gifts, the new building at 55 Hanson Place was made possible, and our dream was realized sooner than we expected when the New Central Branch arose fourteen stories high.

The farewell exercises were held in the old building June 6, 1915. Hon. George Foster Peabody presided, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., gave the farewell address.

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The new building was dedicated Sunday, October 31, 1915. Its site, building and equipment, perhaps the finest in the world, represents an expenditure of one million five hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Dietrich remained as secretary for ten full years after the great building was opened and then retired. The job was a man's job. We did not know about it, but Dr. E. H. T. Foster, just the man for the place, had been under training with the National Committee to carry on what was under way and to bring to it many new ideas, many new plans and such abounding enthusiasm that it permeated every soul in the great new structure. After thirteen years as leader, he resigned to enter a bigger field.

Dr. Arthur E. Dome, a young man of exceptional experience and ability, is now giving Central Branch a new and larger vision.

During the World War, I was one of those who had the responsibility of examining secretaries for overseas work. This was sometimes difficult, for youth is courageous and eager for adventure, and there were many more applicants than we were able to send. I still remember them singing "We won't be home till it's over, over there," as I stood on the dock, waving goodbye to a ship load of secretaries and Y. M. C. A. men one bright glorious day—one of those days when we all love life.

Y. M. C. A. WORK

I have remained on the Board all these years and have had the pleasure of seeing my son elected to the same honor.

We have had with us on that Board as chairman J. W. Lyons, George Pratt, an honored member of the well-known family of Brooklyn who founded Pratt Institute and did so many other things for our Borough, A. C. Bedford, President of the Standard Oil Company, especially known in the financial world and a leader in big things during the World War, Herbert K. Twitchell chairman from 1920 to 1928, who was followed by Richardson Pratt, 1928 to 1931, Conrad Saxe Keyes, 1931 to 1937, and Richard C. Maynard, the present chairman.

For years I was chairman of the Employment Committee, afterward called the Vocational Committee. This gave me great opportunity to meet young men heart to heart and know of their struggles and ambitions.

I was also chairman of the Foreign Work Committee. We had several men who devoted much of their lives to work in the Orient. I would mention especially Mr. Cline and Mr. Tuttle, son-in-law of our secretary, Mr. Dietrich. But this committee took special interest in the work in Mexico. During this time we sent there two men who have exerted great influence on the whole Republic of Mexico, Mr. Williamson, secretary for the Republic, and Mr. Taylor for Mexico City. We had

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branches at Mexico City, Monterey, Chihuahua, and Tampico.

My interest grew so great that when my wife and I arranged for a winter vacation in 1922 we decided to go to Mexico. On the twenty-sixth of January, we boarded the steamer Monterey for Vera Cruz, Mexico, stopping on our way at Havana, Cuba.

During that trip occurred a storm which some people, including the captain, said was the severest in a hundred years. As far as I was concerned, it might have been the severest in a hundred thousand years. As we passed Cape Hatteras, several cabin windows were broken in. A good-natured steward came to see if all was well. I asked him if the storm was nearly over. He said, "We were just in the midst of it." I then asked if there was any hope of being drowned. After forty-eight hours of this, a waiter came by sounding the gong. My wife declares, but I think she was mistaken, that I said, "There goes that damned bell again." The storm subsided, and the rest of the trip was beautiful.

As we passed Miami Beach the first afternoon after the storm, the water was so calm and the air so clear that I said that I could pick from among the bathers the red head of our beloved Mayor Hylan. We spent some time in Cuba while our vessel was being repaired from the effects of the storm. I was glad to see her put in shape

Y. M. C. A. WORK

because I wanted forever to get rid of the memory of that awful heave-up.

The tropical growth, the Spanish architecture, the forts, the cathedrals, and the homes, the dress, and musical speech of the natives all made our stay seem too short.

On our trip from Cuba to Vera Cruz, we saw great schools of porpoise and sharks. As we approached Vera Cruz, the sight of the snow-capped Mount Orizaba was one never to be forgotten. We spent a day in the quaint old city and took a train the following morning for Mexico City. Frank Crane said that this railroad trip was unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur by any other trip in the world. All kinds of tropical fruits, plants and flowers lined the hillsides on both sides of the train as we slowly climbed the hills, crossing and recrossing our own tracks in order to make the grades.

Toward evening, we arrived in Mexico City and were most cordially welcomed by the secretaries and some of the leading representatives of the Y. M. C. A.

Oh, that I could command the English that would do justice to that city in our neighboring Republic!

We made our headquarters at the Regis Hotel. My wife, who was a Sanborn, was greatly interested in the famous Sanborn Restaurant, sometimes known as the "House of Tiles," often referred to as the home of the "Jockey Club." The building was covered with blue and

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white Puebla tile in the seventeenth century. This was converted into a restaurant by the Sanborns of Ohio and was a delightful meeting place for all tourists. It seemed to make my wife and me feel at home to say, "Let us go down to Sanborn's for dinner."

Mr. Taylor, the first day, invited me to a Rotary Club luncheon. Mayor Black of San Antonio, Texas, who was stopping at our hotel, spoke about his city government. I spoke about the relationship between our Republics.

The following noon, I had lunch with the Board of Managers of the Y. M. C. A. and found them a forward-looking progressive group. I learned that Mr. Taylor, the secretary, had been instrumental in founding the first playground, had helped in the organization of the Rotary Club, and everywhere throughout the City, I heard favorable comments of his work and that of Mr. Williamson, the national secretary.

When I try to describe Chapultepec Castle and the commanding view of its surroundings, the words imposing, beautiful, grand, seem feeble. President Obregon did not live in the Castle, but in a nearby cottage.

A Union Evangelical Conference was being held at the Presbyterian School at Coyocan where we met Bishop Thirkield and his delightful wife and daughter, and representatives from most of the Evangelical Churches.

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They reminded me much of the representative newcomers in Manitoba when I was homesteading out there, delightful people, all full of good comradeship and sociability, ready with a helping hand and word of good cheer at all times.

A day was spent among the floating gardens at Xochimilco. This was once a lake, which has been gradually filled in with floating gardens, producing an abundance of flowers and vegetables which supplied to a great extent the whole city. The springs which furnished the water for this lake have been flowing for hundreds of years. The pleasure of the day was added to greatly by the presence of our friend, the young Mexican civil engineer whom we had met on the Monterey going down, Gustavo L. Ramirez, a graduate of the University of Mexico City who had already won honors in his profession. Afterwards, he took us through the beautiful old University and introduced us to some of his professors who were loud in his praise.

Mr. Merkle from Ontario and I slipped away one afternoon to a Mexican bull fight, in Spanish, Tauro-machia. To quote a Spanish author, "It is easy to understand the fascination of the Bull Fight. To the uninstructed it may seem a confused and aimless struggle between bulls and horses and men, but to the instructed it is an artistic entertainment of skill and courage. A

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skill and courage peculiar to Spain, and as a spectacle the finest in the world." I was uninstructed so it did seem confused and aimless, perhaps just as our football game seems confused and aimless to the uninstructed. I was impressed with the consummate skill of the mator and the blind courage of the bull, but the horse had my sympathy.

We spent a day at Puebla. The papers announced the following day that a revolution had been pulled off in that city while we were there, but the old city is so slow that I think a revolution perhaps would not get up much excitement. We called on United States Consul Jenkins who told us the story of his kidnapping by the bandits. His incarceration in a damp cave was surely not very funny, but when he told us about the affair and the sickness that followed, he made it appear as a really worthwhile experience.

Alberto Pani, Secretary of State for Mexico and a member of the Advisory Committee for the Y. M. C. A. of Mexico City, took Mr. Shumaker, at one time the Y. M. C. A. secretary for the State of Illinois, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Williamson and me to see President Obregon. He was very cordial and said there was no one influence in Mexico which had done more to carry out his plan of good government than the Y. M. C. A. under the direction of Williamson and Taylor. He thanked Secretary

Pani for introducing us and said with a jolly laugh, "The keys and freedom of Mexico are yours, use them to the fullest."

The day we left Mexico City, our friends insisted that we should see the "Desert of the Lions" in the bandit country. It sounded thrilling. Mr. Charles Burke, of "Celasando" ranch, proposed to drive us there. He said, what we had always heard, that, though we were in the dry season and it looked cloudy, there would be no rain. Off we started and Mr. Williamson who weighed about two hundred pounds said he would go as ballast for the Ford. We had nearly reached the "Desert" when it began to rain "pitch forks and saw logs." When near the brow of a hill, the old Ford began to skid as Fords have never skidded before or since. Down below us coming up the hill was a herd of cows and two old horses pulling two old wagons. Down we went, dodging this old muley cow, missing that old critter, passing too close for pleasure to the wagons. To add to this excitement we remembered we were in the bandit country, and we wondered if we would ever see "Home, Sweet Home" again. However, we reached Mexico City just in time to catch the train for the United States, although we missed the "Desert of the Lions."

For four full weeks we had been actively studying and enjoying this wonderful neighboring Republic. We had

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climbed the pyramids, lived with the Aztecs, visited the palaces, cathedrals, and parks, become acquainted with the President and the peasants and had been fascinated with all.

As we rode through the country on our way to the American boundary line, despite the fact that it was a desert country, it abounded in beauty and there were many fertile spots. At the railroad stations, the natives were selling oranges, candy, cake, pottery, and other things.

As we crossed the border, we were stopped at Laredo, where we were met by representatives of the United States government to be examined for vaccination. All men on the train were assigned to a doctor and all women to another doctor.

When the men and women met to compare notes, we found every woman had been vaccinated and not one man had a scratch.

The women as usual got even. Before leaving the United States one woman, who had had a very serious time with vaccination, had been warned by her doctor not to submit to it again and he had provided her with iodine and boric acid solution to be used, if necessary, which she shared with the others. I take it that Bobby Burns was thinking of such a case as this when he penned

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his famous words—"The best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft agley."

On our way to San Antonio, we passed through Grand River Valley where the year before they had shipped fifteen hundred carloads of onions. We spent the night at San Antonio, and I attended a banquet at which Mayor Black, whom I had met in Mexico City, again spoke.

The next day, we traveled through familiar territory, rich in resources, which years before I had covered, sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a buggy, supplying the schools with charts and maps.

We stayed in Evanston a day with Katherine, who was a junior at the University, attended the University Church, visited my fraternity house, Delta Upsilon, and talked to the boys about Mexico. We ended our journey by our arrival home in New York City just forty-two days from the time of departure.

CHAPTER XXI

Playgrounds

THE people who lived in Flatbush in the early nineties did not feel the necessity for playgrounds. One often heard the remark: "Flatbush is full of wonderful playgrounds from the Park all the way to the ocean." With its tremendous development and especially the spread of the apartment house and the city block, the natural playgrounds disappeared. There were no more corn fields, no more daisy fields.

The tremendous success of the playground movement throughout the country for organized play made the children's need and the citizens' obligation apparent.

A meeting was called at our home at 1707 Beverly Road to discuss the question. Dr. Walter H. Gunnison, principal of Erasmus Hall High School and, at that time, the senior member of the Gunnison family so closely connected with the Brooklyn Daily Eagle and so widely known, was the inspiration and the chairman of the meeting. Among others present were Lewis H. Pounds, Alice R. Ritter, Mrs. Charles C. Suffren, Mrs. T. H. Hodgman, William R. Roland, and Samuel Cohen.



Albertina



Sea Bird



Midland

PLAYGROUNDS

Other meetings were held, and in March of 1911 this same group, through Paul Gorham as attorney, arranged incorporation papers, and the Flatbush Playground Association became a full-fledged organization. Russell Benedict was elected its first president, William M. Strong of Erasmus Hall High School, secretary, John J. Snyder, treasurer.

The Flatbush Merchants Association was having a food show and asked the Flatbush Playgrounds Association to join with them to raise money for playgrounds. The show was held in a large circus tent on Flatbush Avenue for one week, beginning June 17, and scores of merchants exhibited their wares under its folds. It was the first affair of this kind, and the people flocked to it. Its success made possible the opening that summer on Albemarle Road of the first supervised playground. The use of the ground was donated by the Borden Milk Company.

The following December, Russell Benedict, elected Judge of the Supreme Court, resigned and I was elected president.

As the spring of 1912 approached, we felt the necessity of again raising money. Mrs. Thomas H. McClintock and Mrs. Graham interviewed and received the enthusiastic cooperation of the principals of seven schools whose children would benefit by playgrounds. A pro-

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gram of folk dancing, the first public program of its kind then given by the schools, was arranged.

Dr. Gunnison suggested that it be given in the Auditorium of Erasmus Hall High School. This was an innovation and real accomplishment, as it was the first "pay" entertainment ever held in a public school of New York, and, at first, met with much opposition.

Each school seemed to excel and, with so many families and friends represented on the program, it was a great triumph and netted twelve hundred dollars for more playgrounds that summer.

The following year four hundred children gave the "Masque of Nations." Greek, Children of the Northland, French, Irish, Japanese, Spanish, Swedish, and Dutch, and the "Dance of the Flags of All Nations," a drill of young boys fashioned to picture the union of various nations in peace and unity in America. This program was under the direction of Eugene Harter and Allen B. Doggett of Erasmus Hall. Flatbush responded again and another twelve hundred dollars was raised for playground work.

The children connected with these playgrounds enjoyed a day's outing at Midland Beach, and while I operated the line of excursion boats between the Battery and the Beach, the children made the trip in this way. But in later years after the boats were discontinued, I



E. E. Rutler

Off for the Beach on the *Albertina*

PLAYGROUNDS

made arrangements with the City Ferry and the Tompkins Bus Company to carry them without charge. There were generally about four hundred children chosen for excellence in playground work. To judge from the expressions coming from the children and their leaders, each year was more delightful than any other year. In addition to having the trip, they enjoyed a swim in the pool and the ocean, rides on the Coaster, the Whip, the Merry-Go-Round, and other things as well as ice cream, hot dogs, and cold drinks. The concessionnaires always joined in making this a gala day.

As the playgrounds developed, they were taken over by the City and Park Department. The Flatbush Playground Association united with the Brooklyn Parks and Playground Committee. Frank Munson, head of the Munson Steamship Line, was president and was devoted to this work. I was vice president, Charles Pratt, treasurer, and Evelyn Myers, secretary and supervisor of playgrounds. After Mr. Munson's death, I was made president.

Nothing that I have done in connection with my work with playgrounds and boys has given me more pleasure than the newsboys' camp in the rear of Woodland Beach, where the newsboys came and stayed for two weeks, romping and playing to their hearts' content, sleeping in tents. There was a mess house where Mr. Crume, the

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leader and a Canadian, lived and where the boys came, regularly, three times a day. At the end of the two weeks, the boys would go back to the City and make way for others. Even now I meet prosperous business men who tell me of the glorious two weeks at the camp. One cold evening in New York, I stepped up to a man to ask directions to the subway. I said, "I am a stranger from the woods of Canada." Much to my surprise he answered, "Just around the corner, Mr. Graham," as he explained, "I remember you at the newsboys' camp, Woodland Beach."

Joe Robinson, an energetic boy, went in for boxing and won some prizes. Later, he worked for me at the Beach but, when the war came, he volunteered and served in the Navy. After the war, he returned and was made superintendent of Woodland Beach where first he came as a newsboy.



Brooklyn Bridge

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CHAPTER XXII

Brooklyn Bridge

MORE than a half a century ago that splendid citizen and intelligent builder, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, supported by public spirited men of vision, was constructing the Brooklyn Bridge, one of the greatest engineering accomplishments of that time.

On my homestead in the great northwest I learned through a weekly magazine all about the beautiful structure that led from Manhattan to Brooklyn. Hundreds of thousands of others the world over read of the great achievement. Brooklyn was "put on the map."

At that time, with no means of crossing the East River except by ferry or other water craft, no one could visualize the development which was sure to follow and, when the Bridge was opened fifty-five years ago, the people of Brooklyn had made no provision for an entrance worthy of the Bridge itself.

The Brooklyn Bridge Plaza Association was organized in 1928 for the purpose of transforming what Leo Dabo, the artist, called "The ugliest spot in the whole wide

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world" into one of the most beautiful historic spots in the whole wide world.

Few have realized that Brooklyn Bridge leads to the very ground where Washington encamped in 1776.

As president of the Association, I called together a patriotic mass meeting December 12, 1928, at Plymouth Church. It is difficult to put in words the enthusiasm of that meeting. The "Gloria Trumpeters" with G. Waring Stebbins opened the meeting. Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and Monsignor John L. Belford were at their best. Hon. George V. McLaughlin, president of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, Hon. John H. McCooey, Lewis H. Pounds, president Brooklyn Real Estate Board, Rabbi Alexander Lyons, Mathew S. Sloane, president of the Brooklyn and New York Edison Company, Ralph Jonas, James H. Post, and representatives from ten Patriotic Societies were on the platform to create Bridge Plaza spirit which never grew less. Fifteen young women in Colonial costumes acted as ushers. The St. George Playhouse gave moving pictures of "The Brooklyn Bridge approach as it is today and as it should be."

As an outgrowth of this meeting, on October 24, 1929, there was, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Long Island and Washington's historic withdrawal



Site of the old Livingston Mansion
"Four Chimneys"

Ferry Landing

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

across the East River, a most remarkable celebration and inspiring parade led by Brigadier General Sidney Grant.

At ten-thirty in the morning, three bronze tablets were unveiled, marking three historic sites.

A tablet donated by the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York marked the site of the old Livingston Mansion, Joralemon and Sidney Place, where Philip Livingston lived, the only signer of the Declaration of Independence from Brooklyn. This tablet was unveiled by the president of the Association, George A. Zabriskie.

Another tablet was placed at "Four Chimneys," Pierrepont Place and Montague Street, the house occupied by General George Washington as headquarters during the Battle of Long Island. This tablet was donated by the Long Island State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and unveiled by Mrs. George E. Miner, their Regent.

The third tablet was placed at the Ferry Landing at the foot of Fulton Street, where Washington and his army embarked October 29, 1776, thereby saving the Revolution. This was unveiled by Miss Mabel Gardner Broughton of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who is a direct descendant of Colonel John Glover who accompanied General Washington on that memorable night—August 29, 1776. The tablet was presented by the Brooklyn Bridge Plaza Association.

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These historic places should be visited in Brooklyn as we visit Bunker Hill in Boston.

Veteran Military Organizations, participating, were the Old Guards of New York City, Old Guard State Fencibles, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, First Light Infantry Veterans, Manchester, New Hampshire, 2nd Corps Cadets, Salem, Massachusetts, and Sedgwick Guards, Waterbury, Connecticut. A special feature of the parade were eight floats representing various phases of early American History.

Borough President, James J. Bryne, had issued a proclamation urging participation in the celebration. The Board of Education had declared a holiday in all the public schools of Brooklyn.

The Long Island Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Isaac Franklin Russel, President, gave a Colonial Tea at Plymouth Church. The young people from the floats in their picturesque costumes assisted.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle of October 25 had the following:

"Looking more like a 1776 place of assembly than a 1929 ballroom, the Leverich Towers Hotel Ballroom was a gorgeous pageant of Military costumes of every type, gentle-looking Colonial Dames and old American Flags as more than five hundred and fifty guests assembled for the banquet of the Washington Commemoration Committee of the Brooklyn Bridge Plaza Association."



Pilgrims going to Church



Spirit of 1776

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The speakers were Borough President, Hon. James J. Byrne, Paul Kieffer, Emanuel Furth, of Philadelphia, George Gordon Battle, and Albert Bushnell of Harvard University. The invocation was by Rev. Dr. J. Stanley Durkee of Plymouth Church. As chairman of the evening, I introduced Brigadier General George Albert Wingate as Toastmaster.

On May 18, 1931, the Brooklyn Daily Eagle had a stirring editorial calling for a meeting at the Edison Building the following evening where the Regional Plan Association was urged to outline many improvements for the Borough, making the approach to the old Bridge Item No. One. May 19 the story was told of a remarkable speech made at that meeting by George McAneny in which he stressed the importance of a new approach.

Three days later on the twenty-second of May, the Eagle published an article written by me, heading it "Brooklyn Bridge Plaza Movement at Zero Hour." The closing paragraph was, "The elevated railroad, which has been the great obstruction in this movement, can now come down, and we can back this enterprise with more confidence."

Two years and two days later, the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Bridge, the Bridge Plaza was still at Zero Hour. Our Borough staged another great celebration, telling of the wonders of the old Bridge, showing

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excellent pictures of the Kingsleys, the Murphys, the Stranahans, the Roeblings, and other great men connected with the structure, but not saying a word about the half-century of neglect and failure to bring order and beauty out of chaos because of the inferiority complex which seemed to have gripped the Borough of homes and churches during all these years.

This complex seemed to have come to Brooklyn to stay. The very remarkable effort of the Brooklyn Bridge Plaza Association, backed by the best men of the City, had not dislodged it. The spectacular and brilliant display at the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Bridge did not affect it because in spite of the cheering there was no change. We who were the most vitally interested did not lose heart.

On May 6, 1935, the Down Town Association, a real live organization, called a meeting at the Bossert Hotel, and invited among others, the Mayor and Paul Windels, the District Attorney. At that meeting, the Mayor announced that Mr. Windels had been able to save from the Bergen Beach award about \$2,000,000, which he suggested be used to buy the 21 acres known as the Bridge Plaza. This suggestion was received with great enthusiasm. On the 14th of the following month, June, 1935, the Board of Estimate voted unanimously to spend this \$2,000,000 in Brooklyn for the Bridge Plaza. Two



Brooklyn Bridge Plaza

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weeks to a day after this, Judge Lockwood signed a land grant for the Bridge Project, and the City took over the property. Without any loss of time, plans were made for a worthwhile Plaza, and men were put to work tearing down the old buildings and beautifying the 21 acres.

When completed, Brooklyn will have a beautiful Plaza from its Borough Hall to its historic old Bridge.

CHAPTER XXIII

Three First Generation Descendants

ONLY three first generation descendants of those who came over in the sailing vessel remain. The Rt. Hon. George P. Graham, Mrs. William Wilton, and myself.

March 20 of this year, 1938, Catherine, my sister eighty-seven years young and her husband, William Wilton, eighty-eight years celebrated their Diamond Wedding anniversary in Roland, Manitoba. From the far flung reaches of the Dominion, the descendants made the pilgrimage to the old homestead. Six children, nineteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild joined in the festivities.

King George and Queen Elizabeth of England cabled their good wishes. The Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, Lieutenant Governor W. J. Tupper, Gilbert Weir and Howard Winkler, members of parliament, many friends and relatives added their friendly words of greetings.

The United Church of Roland mindful of the contribution they had made to the community, especially to



Mr. and Mrs. William Wilton



Rt. Hon. George P. Graham and Wife

THREE FIRST DESCENDANTS

its spiritual welfare in founding its first church and later their part in bringing into harmony the eight different Methodist churches in the Dominion into one church, the United Church, called together the people and presented the happy couple with a warm message of congratulation and many beautiful gifts. This was "The end of a Perfect Day."

The following day, March 21, the Rt. Hon. George P. Graham, my double cousin—(our fathers were brothers and our mothers were sisters)—and his wife were called to Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion and given a dinner in honor of his seventy-ninth birthday, in the Chateau Laurier, by the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister. The dinner was attended by colleagues of Mr. Graham in the Laurier Government while he was Minister of Railways and Canals and colleagues in the Mackenzie King Government while he was Minister of National Defense and afterward Minister of Railways.

George P. is the owner and publisher of the oldest newspaper in Ontario. He was a member of the Privy Council of England under King George V, and is one of the most beloved men of all parties of the Dominion.

The Government recently honored him by naming a

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mountain in British Columbia "Graham Mountain," which will perpetuate the memory of one of the Dominion's foremost political figures.

A month later, April 22, the Alumni Association of Northwestern University honored me with the "Award of Merit." It said, "In recognition of worthy achievement which has reflected credit upon Northwestern University and each of her Alumni." Coming from that great University, no honor could have pleased me more and when a special invitation came to be present Illumination Night in Evanston, June 10, 1938, to receive the "Award," my wife and I decided to "fly."

It was her first plane trip and my first long one. She thoroughly enjoyed being above the clouds. She said she had discovered a new world, but even at an altitude of 12,500 feet the real estate below had a greater attraction for me. My wife said she was glad there were no salesmen around.

My book of reminiscences has been written while convalescing. It has helped me to forget some things. I have had my ups and downs. Sometimes the downs seemed overwhelming, but I have never lost the joy of living. Life is wonderful.

The message the great Edward Bok received from his mother when he left the Netherlands was, "Make you the



James S. Graham and Wife

THREE FIRST DESCENDANTS

world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it." Nothing else really matters.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts."

[illegible]

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